

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 811



JUNE 13, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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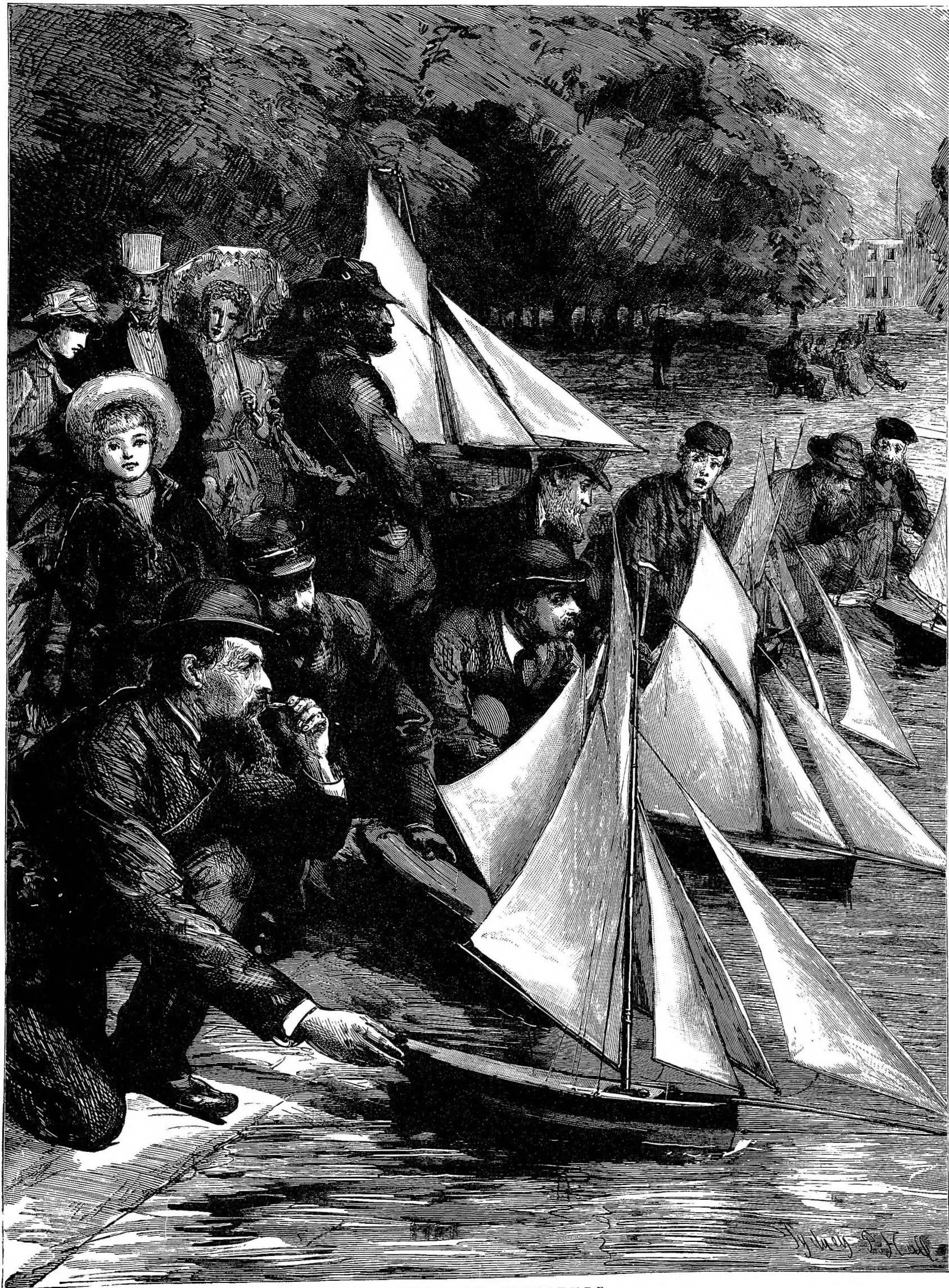
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 811.—VOL. XXXI.
Registered as a Newspaper] ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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YACHTING IN MINIATURE
A SUMMER SKETCH AT THE ROUND POND, KENSINGTON GARDENS

Topics of the Week

THE MINISTERIAL "HAPPY DESPATCH."—It is ingenious of Mr. Caine to assert that the Government were "turned out of office on a temperance issue," because it conveys the idea that all the respectable tea-drinking people were on the side of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, while the wicked Opposition were upheld by the drunkards and the rowdies. But everybody knows that this statement of Mr. Caine's is not accordant with facts. The mattock which served to dig the Ministerial grave was not manufactured by the brewers and publicans; it was made in Egypt. The Ministry has gradually become utterly discredited by the persistent vacillation which it has shown in its Egyptian policy; a vacillation, be it remembered, which has cost thousands of lives and millions of pounds sterling, with nothing to show in exchange but disgrace and dislike. Hence, just as a child can push over a toppling wall, the Ministry were overthrown on a mere financial question. It was a question how certain revenues, already admitted by the House to be necessary, should be raised; a question of by no means a partisan character; and concerning which the Government were, on the whole, probably more in the right than was Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. But, when the division-bell rang, an extraordinary number of their usual adherents were absent, and, as the Parnellites (of whom more anon) followed their usual tactics in combining with the party most needing reinforcement, the Government were defeated. Possibly they were not altogether sorry at this result. Some of them perhaps had been actually "riding for a fall." The other day Messrs. Chamberlain and Dilke were in rather "a tight corner" about the Crimes Act. Now they are free, and can allow it to be supposed that they should have abandoned office rather than sanction the renewal of such an iniquitous measure. They will be able to say to the many-headed monster of Radicalism, "Thou canst not say I did it!" Moderate men, too, such as Lords Granville, Derby, and Hartington, can scarcely feel regret at being freed from a coterie whose public reputation had literally become odious. And Mr. Gladstone? He, too, probably is glad to be out of it. In spite of his singular self-complacency, he must know that, though possibly with excellent intentions, he has wrought a vast deal of mischief and misery, and that, quite apart from party politics, he is detested by a large number of his countrymen.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?—"They," of course means the Conservative party; and "it" the Queen's Government. Unless Her Majesty puts down her Royal foot, and insists that Mr. Gladstone shall carry on business until the voice of the nation can be officially expressed, Lord Salisbury will probably adopt the patriotic and constitutional course; but the task which he will have before him is an exceptionally thankless and difficult one. He is at present in a minority; yet he cannot test the opinion of the country by summoning a new Parliament, because he must wait till the Franchise Act is in working order—that is, until November. Meanwhile, Mr. Gladstone leaves him such a bequest as it is the fate of few incoming Ministers to inherit in this usually tranquil country. The bequest, in fact, resembles that "thumping legacy" which was left to the Irishman in the farce by his Corsican relatives, and which involved the prosecution of a *vendetta* to the bitter end. The Premier's successor, whoever he may be, will find a series of *vendettas* on hand. For the Gladstone Government, always with the most admirable motives, has managed to make itself obnoxious to a number of other countries, both foreign and colonial. If the new Premier can assuage these heartburnings, he will do well. But, as in these columns we have always endeavoured to speak our minds without regard to party considerations, let us whisper a word in the new comer's ear. Do not imitate the foreign policy of the late Lord Beaconsfield. It is the fashion now to compare it with that of Mr. Gladstone, to the disadvantage of the latter, but in real truth both were characterised by the same inherent defect—infirmary of purpose. The Zulu war (for which the Government were only partially responsible) was a blunder; the Afghan war was a still worse blunder; while our interference in the Russo-Turkish war infuriated the Russians without benefiting the Turks. Depend on it that a Minister (we don't care what his politics are) who could contrive to govern the country without plunging it into one "little" war after another, as has now been the case for many years past, would be a very popular man with the tax-payers.

THE PARNELLITES.—Theirs are the honours of Monday's conflict. In spite of Liberal absenteeism, the Conservatives would have been beaten if Mr. Parnell and his friends had chosen to walk out of the House; they would have been still more badly beaten if the Irish Nationalists had determined to flock into the Government Lobby. Thus we are brought face to face with the fact, that already, before the assemblage of the new Parliament, which is to give Mr. Parnell eighty thorough-going adherents, a small defection of Liberals from their usual party banner makes him master of the situation. This is an unpleasant prospect, but it has to be frankly

faced. What is the secret of the Parnellite success? It is this. They are younger, man for man, than any equal number of other M.P.'s selected at random. This youthfulness gives them activity, vigour, and endurance. They are perfectly unscrupulous. They will unite with anybody who can help them in their temporary aims, be he Sir Stafford Northcote or a New York Invincible. Lastly, they know their own minds. By fair means, or foul—for they do not scruple to discuss the latter—they purpose to achieve the independence, actual or virtual, of Ireland. The goal may not be reached yet awhile, but the common object gives them a wonderful solidarity. They are constantly "lengthening their cords, and strengthening their stakes." They are now planning to run Irish candidates for those electoral districts in Great Britain where Irishmen mostly abound. Truly this is tweaking John Bull's nose with a vengeance! Now, except the extreme Radicals, who are practically at one with the Parnellites, what other party can show such a solid front? None. The Tories are notorious for their feebleness; and when a professed Tory, such as Lord Randolph Churchill, displays vigour, he is apt to borrow his weapons from the Radical camp. As for the Whigs, they are feebler still; and, when Mr. Gladstone departs, not a few of them, may be, will go over to Conservatism.

MR. GLADSTONE.—If the Conservatives accept office, will Mr. Gladstone retire from public life? It is almost certain that at the present moment he wishes to do so, but he had the same desire eleven years ago, when he unexpectedly found himself at the head of a defeated and disheartened party. Then he actually did for some time withdraw from Parliamentary debate, and devote himself to the study of Homer, and to his controversy with the Roman Church. He could not, however, resist the temptation to take part in the discussion of the Bill for the suppression of Ritualism; and when the Eastern question was re-opened, he soon made himself the foremost figure among the opponents of the Disraeli Government. He is now an old man, and it is natural that he should long for repose; but even yet he has surprising vigour and elasticity, and, should the Tories be in power, the chances are that we shall find him, three months' hence, fighting as hard as ever for the supremacy of Liberalism. Even if he retired, it is improbable that the Tories would secure a majority at the General Election; for they have no very definite policy, and Lord Salisbury is distrusted by Liberals of every shade of opinion. But, notwithstanding all the perplexities and humiliations of the last five years, Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal would be a terrible blow to his political friends. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington are, no doubt, powerful statesmen; but Lord Hartington excites little enthusiasm among the Radicals, and Mr. Chamberlain excites still less among the moderate Liberals. Mr. Gladstone alone has the power of appealing successfully to the Liberal Party as a whole. His vacillating foreign policy may have undermined his authority in Parliament, but there is no evidence that even that has shaken the loyalty of many of his supporters in the country.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH SUAKIM?—England has not a few "white elephants" on hand just at present, including New Guinea, Bechuanaland, Zululand, and Afghanistan. But the whitest, the biggest, and the most troublesome is Suakim! For about a year and a half has England been in possession of that insalubrious Inferno; she has lavished treasure, and care, and the blood of her soldiers on it; she has slaughtered Arabs by the thousand, and has constructed a wonderful railway running to nowhere, for its sake; and now she does not know what to do with it. This was the confession extorted from Mr. Gladstone on Monday night. Mr. Northcote wanted to know whether a port, which might be of high value as an additional coaling station *en route* to India, was going to be abandoned. "The Government have not yet been able to decide," meekly replied the Premier, "what course it will be proper to adopt." He did not even mention that the historic three courses lie open to us. Perhaps we have used up the whole lot. It is on record that we have twice made experiment with "smashing" Osman Digma, and have twice retired, leaving the job uncompleted. We have also endeavoured to coax him with tempting offers of one sort and another. That obdurate man, however, refuses to be moved either by "the resources of civilisation" or by cajolery. He claims Suakim as his own, by Divine right, and vows that he will take it whatever the English may do. Perhaps he may succeed, after all. Italy has no fancy for the place; the Porte will only accept it on condition of being allowed to rule it in the Turkish manner; England is sick of the pestilential "white man's grave;" perhaps it would be better to let Osman Digma take peaceable possession, and so save Suakim from the fate of Sinkat, Berber, Khartoum, and now Kassala.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.—It is generally understood that if a Conservative Government is formed Lord Randolph Churchill will become Secretary for India. Should this anticipation prove to be correct, his career in the near future will be watched with much interest and curiosity; for, whatever may be Lord Randolph's faults, he has at least the art of arresting attention and of making himself the subject of eager debate. If we may judge from some of his latest speeches, he can hardly be called a Conservative in the proper sense of the term. He is opposed to coercion in Ireland; and

with regard to other questions of domestic policy he does not seem to differ very widely from Mr. Chamberlain. Will he be able, when in office, to induce the Tory party to accept his guidance? If the answer is "Yes," it is hard to see how Radicals and Conservatives are to be distinguished from one another. In matters relating to foreign policy there would still be a real difference between the two parties; but at home they would be working for essentially the same ends by almost the same methods. We are living in an age when vast changes are quickly effected; but we may doubt whether even Lord Randolph Churchill, with all his pluck and energy, is about to produce so wonderful a result as this. As a fighting politician he has excited much admiration; and Conservatives have not been disposed to check his ardour by putting his notions to too severe a test. But when it is in their power to say whether, for instance, Mr. Broadhurst's Bill for the benefit of leaseholders shall or shall not become law, they are not likely to be hampered by their champion's rash pledges. Lord Randolph may accept the situation; but, if his present convictions are deeply rooted, it is not at all impossible, or even very improbable, that he may in the end be as enthusiastic in upholding Radicalism as he is now in upholding what he calls Toryism.

GEOGRAPHY.—The difference between theory and practice is remarkable. For at least two hundred years past the English nation have been, as explorers and colonisers, the foremost in the world. Inferentially, the English ought to be very fond of Geography. According to Mr. J. Scott Keltie, they are more ignorant of the science than any Continental nation. About this, however, there may be two opinions. We are quite willing to admit that officially, at public schools, universities, and in examinations, Geography is snubbed and ignored, but it does not follow from this that Englishmen and Englishwomen are really uninterested in Geography, although they may learn it in rather a haphazard way. It no doubt adds to the charms of Geography that by many of us it has been acquired as a pleasure, and not as a task. The writer of these lines, being educated at a public school in the old-fashioned days, was taught no modern Geography. What he knows he learnt for himself, and, whether for this reason or not, he thinks Geography a very fascinating study. This is more than he can say for Latin and Greek, with both of which he was diligently crammed at school. He can sit, perfectly happy, for half-an-hour at a time, if only he has an atlas to pore over. Now we are not so presumptuous as to suppose that thousands of other people do not share these tastes. Indeed, it is proved by the tens of thousands of maps which are sold for travelling and other purposes. Continentals engrave their maps better than Englishmen, but we doubt if they sell one copy where we sell a dozen. Supposing that a war is going on (as, alas! there usually is) watch how eagerly men—rough, labouring men many of them—scan the maps of the campaign which are exhibited in the shop windows. Would they do this if they did not appreciate Geography? Certainly not. Let us, then, by all means teach Geography better, if such a reform be necessary, but let us beware of the cant which presumes that people are ignorant of everything which they have not learnt from a schoolmaster or schoolmistress.

GENERAL LUMSDEN'S RECEPTION.—It is not a very graceful or gracious thing on the part of some of our Radical contemporaries to seek to represent the reception given to General Lumsden as a party demonstration. Have Englishmen become so degenerate, then, as to feel no sense of gratitude to a distinguished officer who has striven his utmost to uphold their interests and their honour under very difficult circumstances? We must confess ourselves unable to appreciate the turn of mind which detects some dirty little party manoeuvre in the simplest and most natural proceedings. Simple and natural it was that a number of Englishmen "of light and leading" should assemble at Charing Cross to do honour to the English gentleman who had for many long weary months endured insult and contumely, humiliation and privation, for the sake of his country. That no member of the Government was present on the occasion we prefer to regard as one of those mischances which have beset Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues throughout their career. They cannot have purposely put this slight on the ex-Boundary Commissioner, because they had received from him an emphatic repudiation of certain statements which might else have given them umbrage. Before long, England may require such men as Sir Peter Lumsden in Afghanistan, and simply for that reason it is politic to do him honour. The false news of the Ameer's assassination has set men's minds thinking about the situation which would arise if he should die. The death of a monarch in Afghanistan always means dynastic strife and internecine warfare. It was so for many years after Dost Mahomed's death, and it would have been so after Shere Ali's demise, had not England interfered with a high hand, and crushed Ayoub Khan by force of arms. It is to be hoped that we shall not have to repeat the process on the death of the present Ameer, but if we have, General Lumsden's personal influence with the Afghans may be of immense service.

DARWIN.—Twenty-five years ago Mr. Darwin was one of the most unpopular men in England. He was denounced as a writer who had done what he could to undermine

religion, and his opinions were generally held to be incompatible with any sincere belief in the dignity of human nature. Yet he was buried in Westminster Abbey; and on Tuesday, when Mr. Boehm's beautiful statue was unveiled in the Natural History Museum, all classes were represented in the brilliant assemblage which came together to see the ceremony. There has never, perhaps, been a more remarkable change in the general estimate of a great man. To some extent it is due to the fact that his theory is no longer held to be incompatible with religious doctrines. Many prominent Christian teachers are ardent believers in evolution, and they maintain that the new principle has given fresh significance and vitality to the most essential articles of their creed. Popular opinion has also been impressed by the extraordinary effect which "Darwinism" has produced in every department of science and philosophy. Since 1859, when "The Origin of Species" was published, astonishing progress has been made in biology, psychology, ethics, and social science; and the principal cause of this advance has been the application of Darwin's method both to the subjects which he himself studied and to subjects in which he was not so directly interested. No one, of course, pretends that he was the first to proclaim the doctrine of Evolution; but it was he who made it credible by his exposition of the causes by which the gradual transformation of species is effected. To Darwin, therefore, belongs the honour of having started one of the greatest of modern intellectual movements, and there can be no doubt that when the time comes for finally determining his place in history his name will be second to that of no other thinker of the nineteenth century.

THE UNDERGROUND BLOCK.—It is somewhat foolishly said that the block on the District Railway caused by the collapse of a sewer near Sloane Square gave Londoners an idea of the discomfort which would ensue if the underground lines were stopped altogether. No doubt it would be somewhat inconvenient were the stoppage to take place suddenly without any warning. But Londoners are shifty folks, and, before a month was over, they would have accommodated themselves to the new situation in some rough-and-ready fashion. At all events, they would no longer be liable to the exasperation of temper consequent upon being kept waiting underground for, perhaps, an hour at a stretch, in the expectation of their train starting at any moment. It is here that the railway authorities are blameworthy. The bursting of the sewer was known to the station-master at Sloane Square by 3.30 P.M.; but at 5.20 P.M. the authorities at Charing Cross could not tell what had caused the stoppage of traffic, or how soon it would be resumed. The consequence was that numbers of people were kept waiting on that very dismal platform for more than an hour, when half-a-dozen words telegraphed from Sloane Square would have sent them off elsewhere to find some other means of getting home. This sort of stupidity does great harm to the underground railways. The public are not so exacting as to expect that no accidents shall ever happen. But they are strongly of opinion that, whenever one does occur, the fact should be at once telegraphed to every station on the line, together with an approximate estimate of the time required to repair the damage.

COERCION IN IRELAND.—Irish politicians indignantly denounce the Crimes Act, and it is understood that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke were prepared to secede from the Government rather than sanction the renewal of its leading provisions. Yet it may be doubted whether there is any coercion at all in Ireland, in the sense in which the word is used in most Continental countries. Does any one suppose that in Russia, Austria, Germany, or even France, there is as much liberty even in ordinary times as there is now in Ireland? Let Nihilists in St. Petersburg, or let Socialists in Vienna, Berlin, or Paris, write and talk about the Government as Mr. Parnell's followers write and talk not only in Dublin but in every Irish town and village; and they would speedily find themselves in remarkably disagreeable quarters. Irish patriots may attack the Government as ferociously as they please; they are not even prevented from spouting sedition if they abstain from offering direct incitements to murder and outrage. The only class whose impulses are restrained by the Crimes Act is the class which would, if it could, shoot landlords and maim cattle; and honest politicians, Nationalists included, ought surely to be heartily pleased that people of this kind are held in check. We are told, indeed, that agrarian crime might be prevented without exceptional measures; but on what evidence is this opinion based? We know what happened when the ordinary law alone was enforced, and there is no reason to suppose that the results would be different if the old conditions were re-established. The Land Act notwithstanding, there is probably as much bitter discontent in Ireland to-day as there was three years ago.

POPULAR ICE CREAMS.—Those who are conversant with the mysteries of the ice-cream trade, as carried on at Saffron Hill and other haunts of the mellifluous but dirty "son of the sunny south," will have read the account of the wholesale poisoning at Lambeth without surprise. We know not what the deadly ingredient may have been in this particular instance, but, as a rule, all of the constituents are more or less noxious. How can it be otherwise when the result of the intelligent foreigner's secret labours is sold as

low as a halfpenny per glass? Out of that, at least one-half represents clear profit; no Italian cares to trade at a lower margin. Does it need to be said, then, that the "cream" never had the slightest acquaintance with the cow, or that the colouring and flavouring ingredients employed are purchased by the manufacturer solely on account of their superior cheapness, and quite regardless of their possibly dangerous qualities? The Italian ice-vendor has a soul above chemistry; his one aspiration is to become the proprietor of a restaurant, and, with that object in view, he will poison his customers as readily as he starves himself. No one who has not gone among these industrious aliens can imagine their intense avariciousness, and the single-mindedness with which they sacrifice everything in the world for its gratification. By nature they are lovers of pleasure, but once the ambition to accumulate money gets hold upon them, they lose all zest for gaiety and amusement, and become the veriest slaves of toil. This metamorphosis has its good side, no doubt, but John Bull will scarcely allow it to proceed so far as the filling of his streets with grimy Borgias.



METROPOLITAN

HOSPITAL

SUNDAY FUND.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 14TH, 1885.—Cheques crossed Bank of England, and Post-office orders made payable to the Secretary, Mr. Henry N. Custance, should be sent to the Mansion House.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, every evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving, Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. At 7.45 THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten to Five. Seats can be booked one month in advance and by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—THE LIGHTS OF LONDON (by Geo. R. Sims). EVERY EVENING at 7.45. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Huntley Hudson, Doone, Elliott, De Souza, Evans, Fulton, Bernage, Walton, &c., and George Barrett; Misses Emmeline Ormsby, Walton, Cook, Wilson, Garth, Mrs. Huntley, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Box Office, 10 to 5. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.—Morning Performance This Day (Saturday). Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, South Kensington, 1885. PATRON: H.M. the QUEEN. PRESIDENT: H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES. DIVISION 1, INVENTIONS. DIVISION 2, MUSIC. Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. Every Week Day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Two Bands Daily, and the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna, and the Pomeranian (Blücher) Hussars. **EVENING FETES.** Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fetes Wednesdays and Saturdays. **INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.**

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. **THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'** New and Brilliantly Successful Programme. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at Three and Eight. The eminent American Humourist, MR. W. P. SWEATNAM, will appear at Every Performance. Tickets and Places Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

"THE LAST WATCH." THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE. British Gallery, Pall Mall (opposite Marlborough House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s. By LOWES DICKINSON.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1885.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WESTMINSTER. The two Grand Historical paintings by F. SARGENT, contain upwards of 350 portraits from special sittings. On view at 175, New Bond Street, Ten to Six. Admission One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI," by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

ZEUXIS AT CROTONA. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE HUNDRED AND THIRD EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN. Pall Mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, One Shilling. Illustrated Catalogue, One Shilling. ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW.

MAYTIME. BASIL BRADLEY. TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY. S.E. WALLER. NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEROPHON." THE GLOAMING. CARL HEFFNER. DAY'S END (Companion to do.). THE MISTY BOATS. R. H. CARTER. A PEGGED DOWN FISHING MATCH. DENDY SADLER. FIRST DAYS OF SPRING. ISENBART. PARTING KISS. ALMA TADEMA. &c., &c., &c. N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices. THE SALLY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, GEO. REES, 115 Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

INVENTIONS EXHIBITION. Group 13, No. 1390.—Dr. HARRY LOBB'S system of Medical Electrization. Batteries, Conductors, &c. Curative Electricity free by post 13 stamps, from Dr. LOBB, 66, Russell Square, London.

BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS from Victoria and

London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday. From Victoria 10.45 a.m., Fare 1s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium, and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 1s. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

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TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By Order) I. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER

WILL BE READY FOR ISSUE ON

MONDAY, JUNE 22.

It will consist, as formerly, chiefly of Coloured Pictures illustrating humorous incidents in country life, several of which are by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, whose inimitable sketches are always so popular. Two peculiar circumstances will tend greatly to increase the demand for this number. One is the Special Plate.

"A WOUNDED FRIEND,"

from a Picture painted expressly for THE GRAPHIC by the great French artist, A. DE NEUVILLE, whose recent death greatly enhances the value of his work, and the other is the fact that the LAST WORK from the pen of

HUGH CONWAY,

Author of "Called Back," who also recently died, and entitled

"CARRISTON'S GIFT."

forms its chief literary feature.

Price ONE SHILLING. By Parcels 1 post 3d. extra.

Orders to newsagents should be given early, as only a limited number are being printed.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued the first of FOUR EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS, entitled "A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO, I," drawn and written by H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S.



YACHTING IN MINIATURE

THE Round Pound, Kensington Gardens, is not a very mighty sheet of water. This West London Ocean measures 696 feet by 543 feet in extent; and when a self-sufficient passer-by sees adult men busily engaged there sailing toy yachts he is apt to feel scornful, and to imagine he is witnessing a scene from the story of "Vice Versa;" a number of enchanted fathers compelled to sail their sons' boats. But if he stays awhile he will gradually catch some of their enthusiasm, and will find himself careering round the pond, and, with excited eye, following the fortunes of this or that boat.

The fact is, that he is witnessing the operations of "The Model Yacht Sailing Association," which has a President, the Marquis of Ailsa; a Secretary, Mr. W. O. Hastings; a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, and Rear-Commodore; a set of rules; and as a motto, "Rem veram provocamus," which, freely translated, means that "this trifling with toys is of real utility."

The Association claims that "every thing as regards propelling by sails may be learnt from careful experiments with model yachts; the best proportions and form of hull for speed; the absolute necessity of weight for the highest speed; its proper amount and position; the best position for the mast; and the best rig."

In a word the motto means, "We conjure up the real thing." And to such good purpose have the M.Y.S.A. worked up to their motto that the real yachts have copied the model yachts, and adopted the lead keels, instead of the old inside ballast.

SURGEON PAUL BENNETT CONOLLY, A.M.S.

THIS young medical officer was born June 28th, 1854. His first experience of war service was in the Russo-Turkish campaign at Bucharest, and he was present at the final attack upon Plevna. He was decorated by the King of Roumania with the gold cross. He next volunteered for service at the Cape during the last Zulu War, and was with Sir E. Wood at the engagements at Zlobani Hill, and the battles of Kambula and Ulundi, as Surgeon to the Frontier Light Horse. He was mentioned in despatches for his gallantry at the Zlobani Hill, and at the end of the war received the medal and clasp. On returning to England he entered the army, and at the end of his course at Netley was sent in command of a bearer company to the Cape during the Boer War. His next active duty was in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, as Surgeon to the 2nd Bearer Company, and he was present at the Battles of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, receiving the medal and clasp and Khédive's star. On his return to England he held the appointment of Assistant Instructor to the Army Hospital Corps at Aldershot. When the Relief Expedition to Gordon was determined on, he was appointed to the Light Division of the Camel Corps, which during the campaign had been engaged in the heavy convoy duty between Korti and Gakdul, and he was present at the retreat of the troops from Gubat. Mr. Conolly died, April 8th last, at Shabaddood (Handak), on the Nile, of enteric fever.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Vandyck, 20, Ladbroke Grove Road, Notting Hill.

MR. H. H. FOWLER, M.P.

HENRY HARTLEY FOWLER, younger son of the late Rev. Joseph Fowler, was born May 16th, 1830, and was educated at Woodhouse Grove School and St. Saviour's Grammar School. He was admitted a solicitor in 1852. At the General Election of 1880 he was chosen, in conjunction with the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, to represent the borough of Wolverhampton in the House of Commons, and in December, 1884, he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. Mr. Fowler is closely connected with Wolverhampton, of which borough he was Mayor in 1863, and where he still holds several important public offices. In 1857 he married Ellen, youngest daughter of the late G. B. Thorneycroft, Esq., of Chapel House, Wolverhampton, and Hadley Park, Salop.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mrs. Williams, Talbot Place, Wolverhampton.

THE ALBERT PALACE

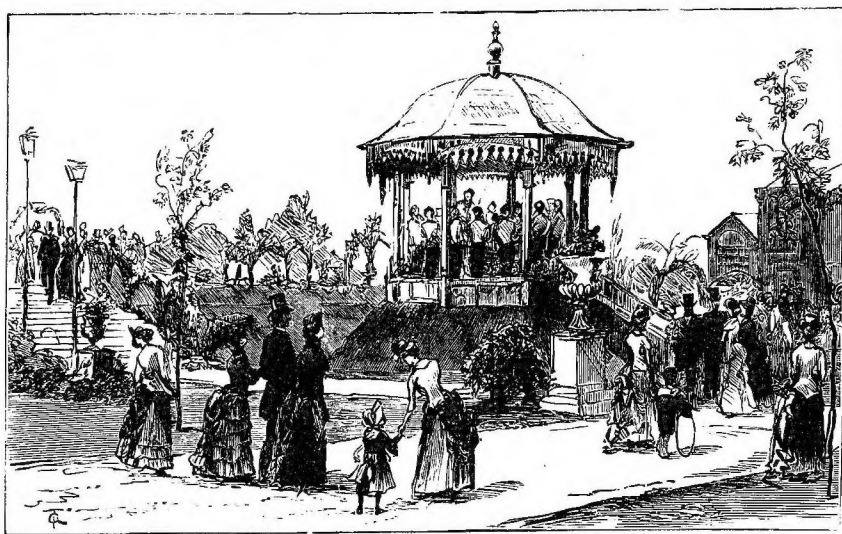
WHEN the Exhibition of 1851 came to a close, it was at first proposed by the late Prince Consort to transfer Sir Joseph Paxton's fairy-like building to Battersea Park, but ultimately the breezy heights of the Surrey hills were chosen as a more eligible site. Thirty-one years later, however, it was decided to carry out the Prince's suggestion, and arrangements were accordingly made for the transport of the National Exhibition at Dublin to South-west London. The building is a handsome structure of glass and iron, and consists of a nave 60 feet high, 473 feet long, and 84 feet wide, with a gallery running round, and an apse at the centre of the nave, 50 feet long by 84 feet wide. There is also an annexe, known as the Connaught Hall, 60 feet high, 157 feet long, and 118 feet wide, which has a double gallery all round, admirably adapted for musical entertainments. A grand organ has been erected there, which was originally built for Mr. Henry Holmes, and which is stated to be superior to any other in the world in the points of magnitude, tone, balance of power, and constructive art, the nearest approach to it being the grand organ at Haarlem. The appearance of the interior of the Albert Palace is very similar to its sister buildings at Sydenham and Muswell Hill, and like them it contains stalls for the sale of knick-knacks, reading and smoking-rooms, large refreshment rooms (the kitchen is capable of cooking for 50,000 persons), and an admirable picture gallery under the superintendence of Mr. Wass, whose labours in connection with the Fine Art Department of the Crystal Palace were so successful.



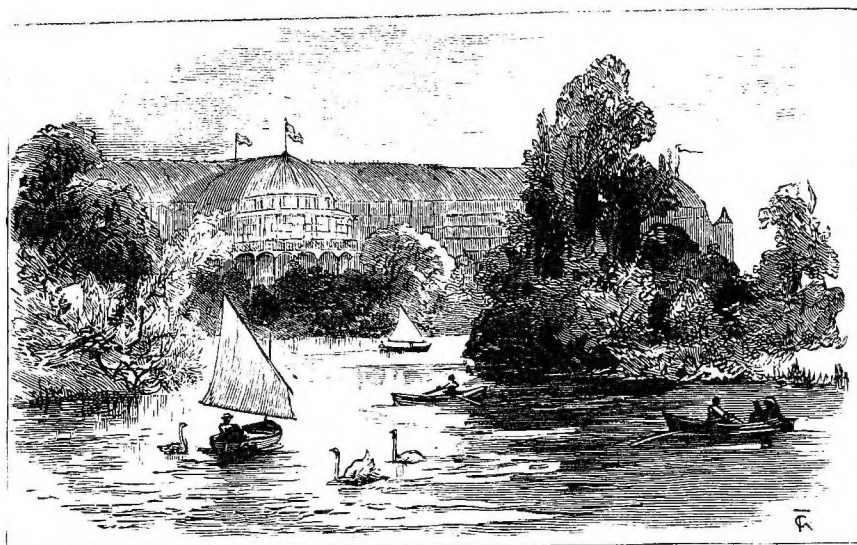
SURGEON PAUL BENNETT CONOLLY, A.M.S.
Born June 28, 1854. Died of Enteric Fever at Handak, on the Nile,
April 18, 1885



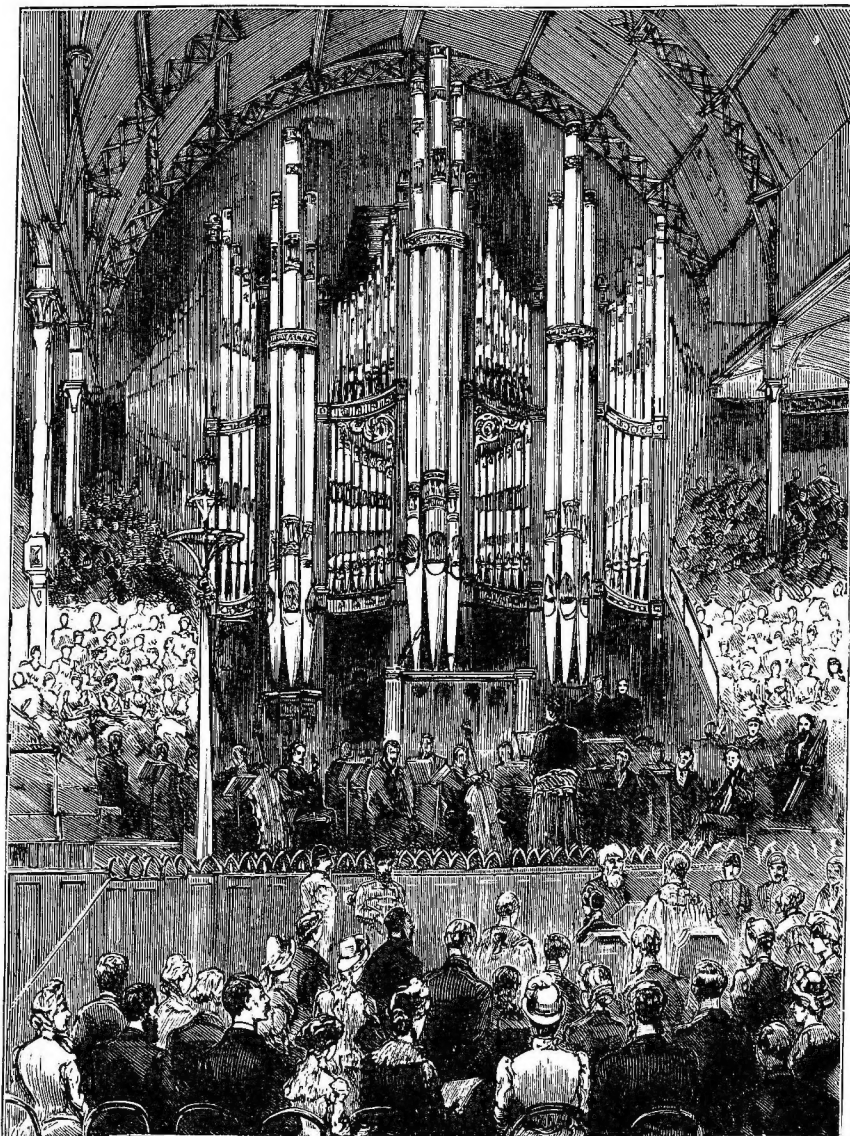
MR. H. H. FOWLER, M.P. FOR WOLVERHAMPTON
Under Secretary of State for the Home Department



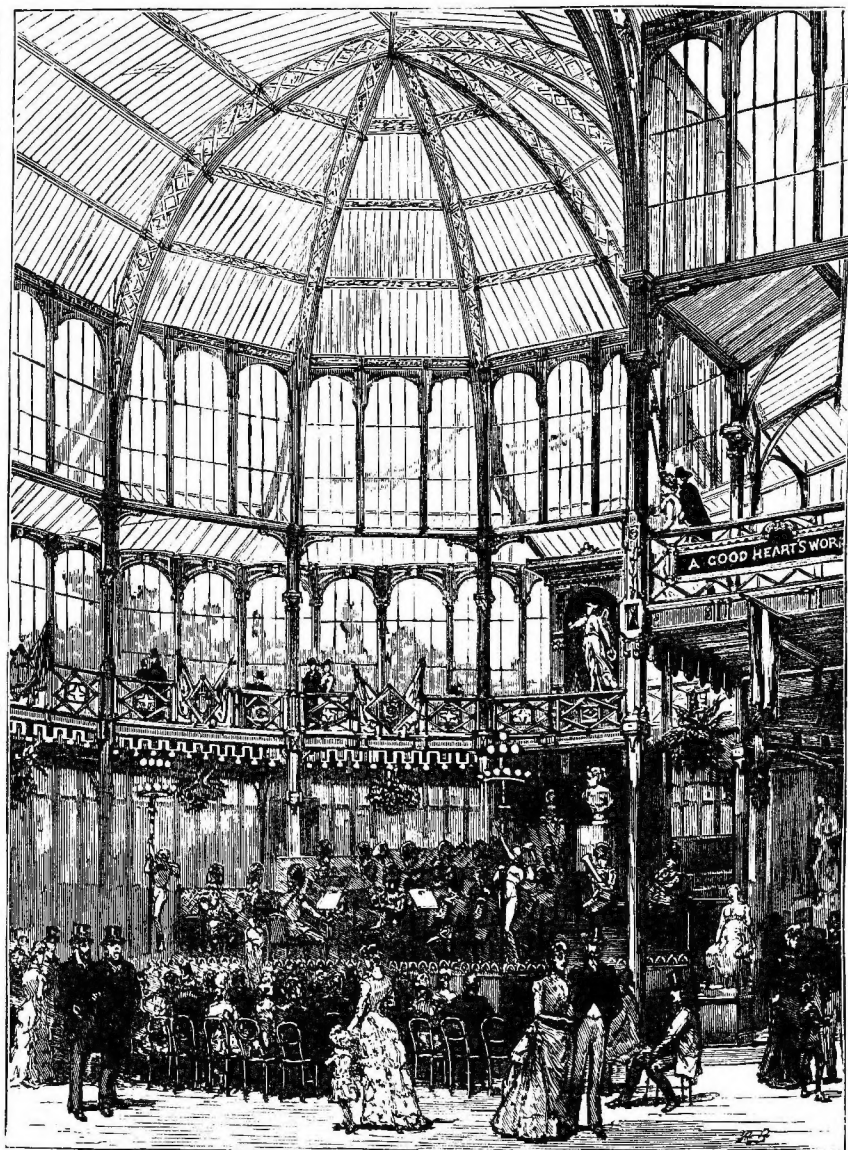
THE BAND KIOSQUE



THE PALACE SEEN FROM THE LAKE



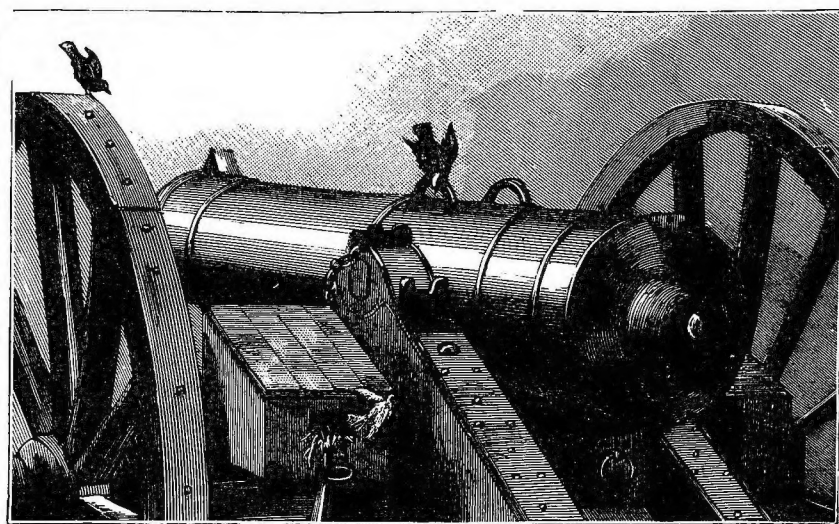
THE GREAT ORGAN IN THE CONNAUGHT HALL



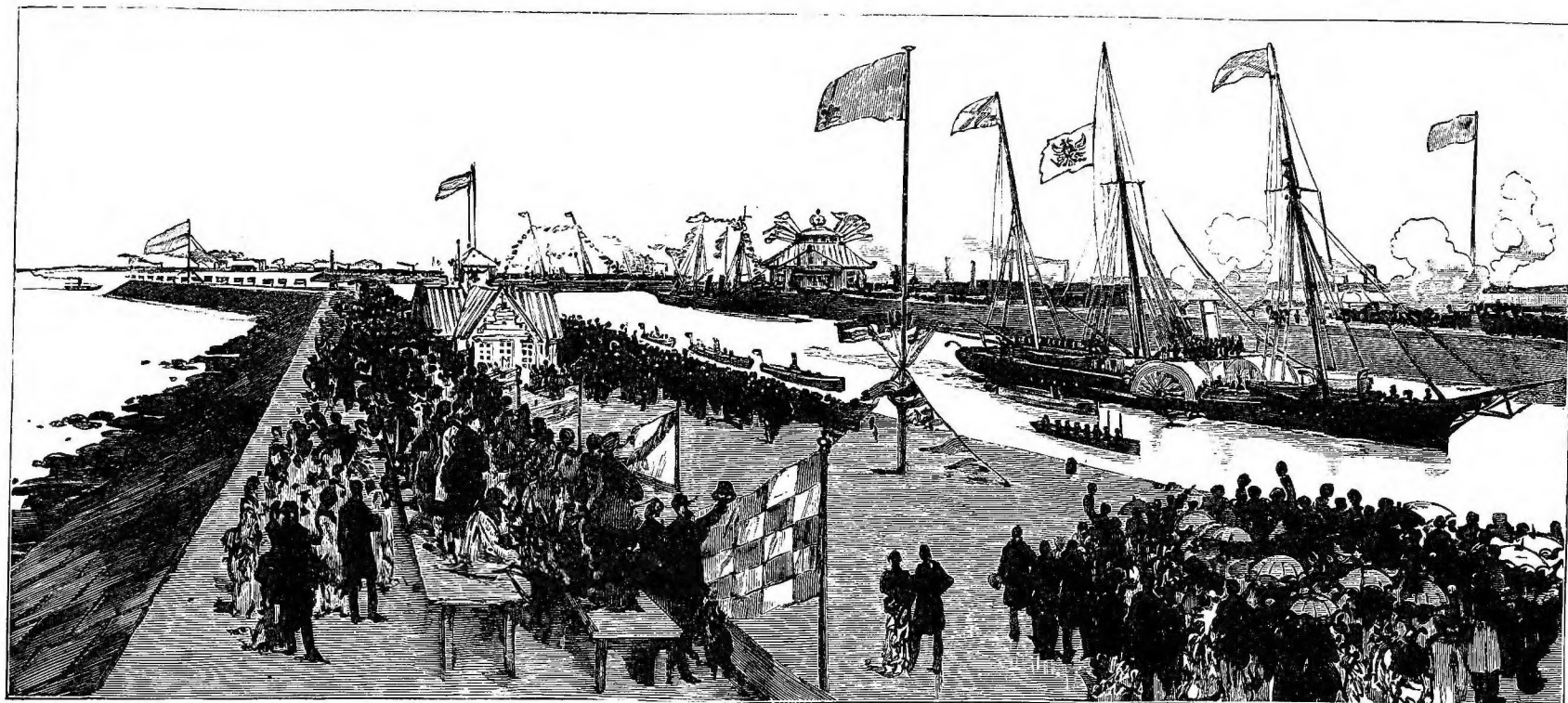
THE TRANSEPT OF THE PALACE



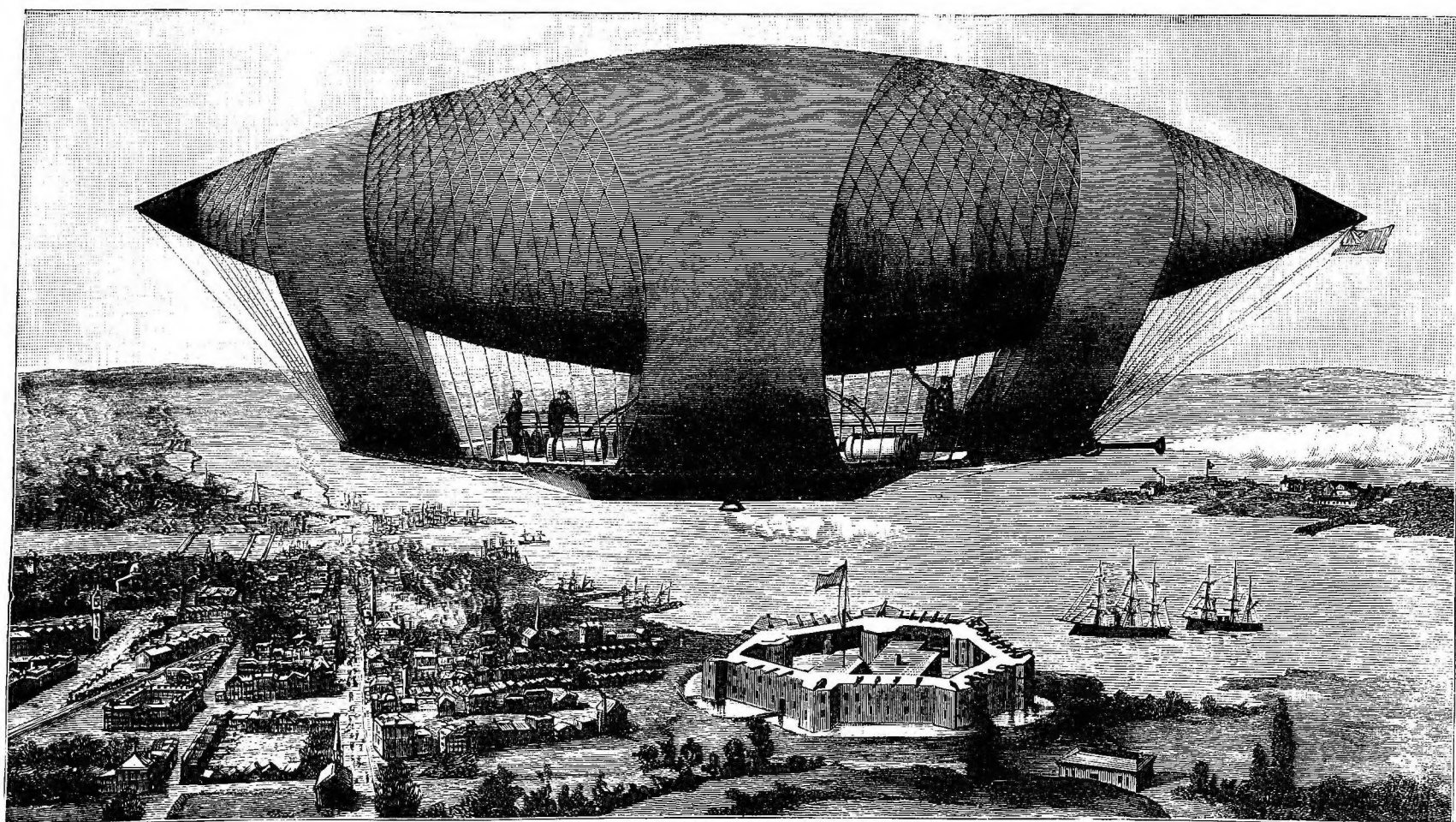
THE BURNING OF CODRINGTON COLLEGE, BARBADOS



A SPARROW'S NEST IN A GUN AT WOOLWICH



OPENING OF THE NEW MARITIME CANAL FROM CRONSTADT TO ST. PETERSBURG



A NEW AMERICAN NAVIGABLE WAR-BALLOON

Music, by a band formed exclusively of Britishers, is to be a chief feature amongst the entertainments to be provided, particularly in the form of promenade concerts, under the direction of Mr. A. J. Caldicott. That gentleman composed the dedication ode which was performed at the opening on Saturday, when the new building was inaugurated by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs. The day was unfortunately exceedingly wet, but a goodly company assembled in the Connaught Hall, where, after an address had been read by Sir Robert Carden, the Chairman of the Company, the Lord Mayor declared the building open to the sound of a flourish of trumpets. A concert followed, and, in the evening, despite the rain, there were illuminations and fireworks. Sir Edward Lee, the Managing Director, and his colleagues are determined to make the new venture as popular as possible, and announce that the shilling admission money will cover every entertainment in the palace, there being no "extras." Moreover, they have arranged with some of the railways and the Thames Steamship Company that the shilling shall include the fare for travelling to Battersea.

FIRE AT CODRINGTON COLLEGE, BARBADOS

ON April 18th the Principal's Lodge and the Mission House at Codrington College, Barbados, were totally destroyed by fire. A careless workman left a spark in the shingles at the top of the Principal's Lodge, and, owing to the recent long drought, the inflammable nature of the materials, and the high wind which prevailed at the time, the buildings, despite the most strenuous efforts, were totally consumed.

The Principal's Lodge was one of the historical houses of the West Indies. It was built two hundred years ago, each room being provided with a fireplace and a chimney. Either the climate was colder and damper than now, the forests being then unfelled, or else our ancestors followed English precedent without regard to temperature. Here in 1710 died Colonel Codrington, the gallant and scholarly Governor of the Leeward Islands, who, after fighting at Namur and Guadaloupe, retired at the age of forty to the study of theology and metaphysics. He left to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel a handsome bequest for the purpose of founding Codrington College, of which his house became the nucleus. For nearly a hundred years the buildings were used as a foundation school, and since 1830 as a college. The present Principal, Mr. Caldecott, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was only appointed last October.

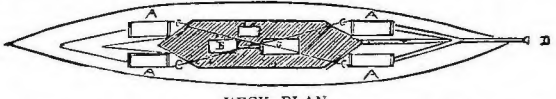
The Mission House was a building of the simplest character, and devoid of architectural merit, but its disappearance causes great inconvenience to the Mission students and the scholars in training for elementary schoolmasters, who had their quarters there.—Our engraving is from a photograph.

A NEST IN A GUN

THE time of day is announced to the garrison and neighbourhood of Woolwich every day at 1 P.M. and 9.30 P.M. by firing a blank charge of powder from a 9-pounder bronze gun. This gun is mounted, in the Gun-park, on a wooden travelling carriage, which is fitted with two axle-tree boxes, each about one foot square by six inches deep, with the inside divided into several compartments. This box is designed to carry case shot and cartridges when the gun is used in action. The carriage is an old one, and the light axle-tree box has a small hole in one of its sides. One day early in last month the gunner, on firing the one o'clock gun, observed a sparrow flying out of this hole, and an examination of the box showed that it contained a sparrow's nest with five eggs. The box was carefully padlocked, so as to guard the nest from inquisitive boys, but the gun was fired twice a day as usual, and on the 16th May five little sparrows made their appearance. The mother sparrow, both when sitting on her eggs, and subsequently when covering her young, usually remained in the nest while the gun was being loaded and fired. For awhile the young birds all did well, but on the 23rd two were found dead in the nest; it is presumed from concussion of the brain. A third when half-fledged was unfortunately worried by a puppy, but the other two survived, and are now fully fledged and able to fly.—We extract the foregoing particulars from two interesting letters addressed to the *Times* by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Noble, R.A.—The engraving is from a sketch by B. A. Hyland, 87, Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell, S.E.

A NAVIGABLE BALLOON

THIS new war balloon, of which a sketch has been sent to us by Mr. Carlton S. Moore, of Philadelphia, is the invention of General

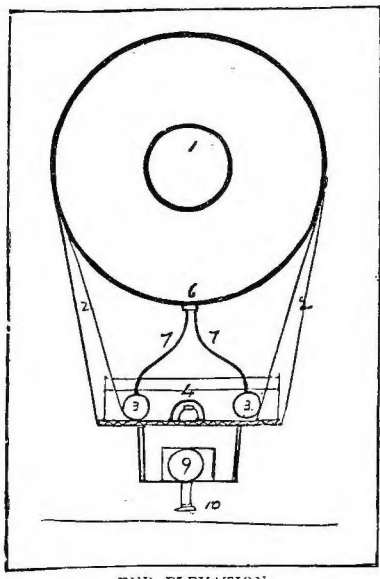


DECK PLAN

A. A. Gas Reservoirs.—B. B. Air Compressor.—C. C. Connecting Pipes for Gas.—D. Exhaust Tube from the Compressor, and the Propelling Power.

Russell Thayer, of Philadelphia, who, the *American Register* tells us, "has received instructions from the Ordnance Board of the

United States Army to begin work at once upon a monster air-ship, which is likely to be one of the most destructive implements of battle known to modern science. It will have an ascending force of seven tons, will cost nearly 10,000 dollars, and will have a length of sixty-six feet and a diameter of sixty feet. It is known as the 'Dirigible War Balloon,' is cigar-shaped, and pointed at both ends, and, independent of wind, it has a speed of thirty miles an hour, the motive power being compressed air, which is accumulated by machinery and discharged at the rear end. The air-ship can be steered in any direction, and tons of dynamite can be dropped as it sails over a fortification or a fleet of ships."



END ELEVATION

1. End of Balloon.—2.2. Suspenders.—3.3. Hydrogen Reservoirs.—4. Exhaust Tube from Compressor.—5. Supply Valve for Hydrogen.—6.6. Connecting Pipes for Gas from Reservoirs.—7.7. Container of Engine.—8.8. Exhaust.

Mr. Moore writes that Earl Granville has cabled to the inventor for plans and full information respecting the new aerial machine.

THE NEW CRONSTADT CANAL

ON Wednesday last week a maritime work of the highest importance to St. Petersburg was inaugurated by the Czar.

Hitherto large sea-going steamers have had to load and unload their cargoes at Cronstadt, for no vessel drawing over nine feet of water can float over the bar of the Neva to reach the capital. The cargoes were then transhipped into barges, and towed or poled to the quays of the Russian capital, great delay and considerable risk being thus incurred. To obviate this a deep-sea canal has been constructed from the sea at Cronstadt, across the shallow portion of the Gulf of Finland, to St. Petersburg—a distance of about 17 miles. For the greater portion of the way it was only necessary to deepen a channel, the course of which is indicated by buoys. At the eastern end, near St. Petersburg, however, some miles had to be carefully embanked to prevent a deposit of sand and mud, which produces a bar at the mouth of the Neva. The depth is 22 feet, and its width from 350 to 700 feet, so that sea-going vessels of large size will now be able to proceed direct to St. Petersburg by the canal; at the end of which—the island of Gontoniëff, on the southern side of the Neva—extensive docks have now been constructed and connected with the railways. As the traffic increases there is ample space for the construction of new docks, while it is proposed to widen one of the existing canals, so that barges or small steamers can communicate directly with Lake Ladoga, a starting-point for the immense canal system of Russia which connects the Caspian with the Baltic, and by which the present steamers on the Caspian—originally built in England—were floated in sections from St. Petersburg. The canal was opened with great ceremony. The Czar and Empress embarked on board the Imperial yacht *Derjava*, at the island of Gontoniëff, at the mouth of the canal, and our sketch represents the moment when the vessel's bows are cutting the thread which had been stretched across the canal; the Imperial standard being hoisted at the same time, and an artillery salute being fired. In the distance may be seen the River Neva, and the dome of St. Isaac's Church. The *Derjava*, followed by the smaller Imperial yachts, then steamed down the Canal to Cronstadt, where a powerful fleet had been assembled, and where the forts thundered forth a tremendous salute in honour of the official completion of the work.

THE EVOLUTIONARY SQUADRON

THE following vessels, portraits of which appear in our double-page engraving, are included in the evolutionary fleet which recently assembled at Portland under the command of Admiral Hornby:—*Agincourt*, 17 guns, 10,690 tons, 1,350 h.p.; *Devastation*, turret-ship, 4 guns, 9,330 tons, 800 h.p.; *Hecla*, torpedo depot ship, 6,400 tons, 1,760 h.p.; *Hercules*, 14 guns, 3,680 tons, 1,200 h.p.; *Lord Warden*, 18 guns, 7,840 tons, 1,000 h.p.; *Minotaur* (flag-ship), 17 guns, 10,690 tons, 1,350 h.p.; *Polyphemus*, double-screw steel torpedo ram, 2,640 tons, 5,500 h.p. (commissioned 1872); *Repulse*, 12 guns, 6,190 tons, 800 h.p.; *Sultan*, 12 guns, 9,290 tons, 1,200 h.p.

Many of the vessels have been anchored for several days in the bay within Portland Breakwater, and have engaged in torpedo practice, the electric light being employed in the evening manoeuvres. The ironclads looked imposing as they rode at anchor, heads to sea, with their banks ready to start at a moment's notice. In their wake lay a number of gunboats and torpedo boats, also waiting orders to sail. The destination of the fleet is Bantrey Bay, where the squadron will be joined by other vessels, and where the principal portion of the evolutions will be carried out. Captain J. C. R. Colomb makes, in a letter to the *Times*, some noteworthy remarks on this naval display. It is not intended by our Government, he thinks, to strike terror into the hearts of foreign Powers, who already are intimately acquainted with the history, progress, and condition of every ship and dockyard in Her Majesty's service; and who know, just as well as our own Admiralty, what we are able and what we are not able to send to sea in a given time. It is rather meant to mollify the hostile criticism of our own Press and the alarm of the people of England regarding the state of the Navy. A visit to the chief ports of the United Kingdom of a number of war-ships, commanded by a distinguished and popular Admiral, is a politic method of killing a naval scare. It will please the people, but will really teach the nation nothing. But the most pregnant portion of Captain Colomb's communication is contained in the following passage:—

"It is to be noted that we have not been able to get this fleet ready for a peaceful promenade in home waters until weeks after the date of an acute crisis, which at any moment might have terminated in war. By the greatest personal exertions of the Admiralty officials, we are thus only able to be ready with a fleet a long time after an emergency. Such is our system of naval mobilisation. In the next place it is to be remarked that behind this fleet there is no reserve of effective war-ships available, or likely to be available for many months, with which to form a second or supporting line. Were circumstances to require the presence of Admiral Hornby's fleet in foreign waters, the Channel would be left practically unguarded, and our foreign stations would be without any material increase of their armoured strength. Such are our national naval arrangements for fulfilling the most obvious strategical necessities of war."

Captain Colomb concludes by reviving a suggestion which he first broached some years ago, and which is especially applicable just now when we taxpayers are heavily mulcted for the fast merchant steamers which the Admiralty have taken up, but which are lying idle. Let one of these merchant steamers, he says, be fitted up as a pretended hostile cruiser; let her mark in red paint with a "C," or "B," (for "captured" or "burnt"), all the British merchant vessels she can "bail up" on the ocean; and let our British men-of-war try and catch her. This would be both an interesting and a thoroughly practical variation from the usual naval manoeuvres.

A STAFF CORPS PROBATIONER'S EXPERIENCES IN INDIA

See page 600

A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO, I.

See pp. 605 et seqq.

"HOUP-LA!"

A NOVELETTE in two parts, by J. S. Winter, author of "Bootles' Baby," illustrated by W. Ralston, is concluded in this number.

"PASSEGGIO"

And even in Italy such places are,
With prettier names in softer accents spoke;
For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on
No place that's called Piazza in Great Britain.

So sang Lord Byron of Monmouth Street and Rag Fair, but had he sung of Brighton or Cheltenham, he would not have had even Covent Garden to except. "Passeggio" we may freely translate as a Public Promenade, and most characteristically has Mr. Passini represented one of the popular "parades" in the sunny South, where picturesque fishermen and lazy lazzaroni slumber away the summer afternoons, where the water-seller drives a thriving trade amongst customers of all classes, where young men and maidens of all classes love to congregate, while each maiden, like Laura, in "Beppo," shines,—

All smiles, and seems to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

NOTE.—We are requested to state that Mr. George Baden-Powell, C.M.G., who sent us the sketch of Sir C. Warren's "Ascent in a War Balloon" (published last week), is not a military officer; his mission in South Africa is purely political.



THERE have been few surprises which equal the sudden and complete change effected in English politics within this week. On Monday Ministers met Parliament with no knowledge of anything more serious before them than another of those habitually impotent attempts on the part of the Opposition to discredit them by a reduced majority. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach some time ago gave notice of an amendment to the Budget, objecting to the increase in the spirit and beer duties, and deprecating any meddling with what are known as the Death Duties. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, yielding to the pressure put upon him by "the trade," and taking advantage of the partial relief afforded by the more peaceful relations with Russia, had consented to reduce by one half the proposed additional impost upon spirits. It had been at the rate of two shillings. It should be one shilling. As the money must be obtained from somewhere, and as the income-tax payer was already sufficiently burdened, it was generally thought that this concession would meet the views of the Conservative Opposition. But according to Mr. Gladstone, behind the spirit duties, occupying a moderate position in Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's resolution, was the added impost upon property in the shape of the death duties. However that be, what is certain is that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach went forward with his amendment just as if the Government had made no concession.

There was a great muster of members at question time on Monday, though throughout the sitting the audience was exceedingly scanty. Members had obeyed the summons to be in their places for the division. Nothing was said about the necessity, or even the desirability, of listening to the arguments upon which the division would be based, and accordingly, as soon as the more attractive period of the question hour was over, the benches were left in a melancholy condition. To them Sir Michael Hicks-Beach chiefly addressed his speech, and Sir Charles Dilke, who followed, was not much more fortunate. Sir Michael, possibly having a prophetic feeling that it would shortly be necessary for himself and his friends to have a policy, boldly declared in favour of taxing tea as an alternative to increasing the duty on spirits. Of this admission Sir Charles Dilke made much, and Lord George Hamilton and Sir Stafford Northcote, both feeling that their colleague had been injudiciously frank, made haste to administer an antidote. Lord George Hamilton attempted to say that Sir Michael had never declared in favour of an additional tax on tea. But the utterance was too recent for this way of meeting the difficulty to be acceptable. The denial was received with derisive laughter, and later in the sitting Sir Stafford Northcote, admitting the words, pleaded that they were "only an illustration," an argument scornfully treated by the Premier.

The debate dragged on till after midnight, Mr. Childers contributing not less than two long and dreary speeches. Sir Stafford Northcote did not greatly improve matters, and even Mr. Gladstone, though he spoke with unusual animation, barely succeeded in maintaining the interest of the House. No one had any idea of what was to come, or if they had they kept their knowledge to themselves. There was nothing in the appearance of the House that betokened a serious division, much less a crisis that would result in the resignation of the Ministry. It was estimated that the Government would have a majority of at least twenty, and the thing members chiefly had at heart was to get the division over, "and so to bed."

Mr. Gladstone, imitating the example of Sir Charles Dilke, had made it clear that the vote was one of confidence, or, to quote his own words, that it was "a matter of life and death" to the Ministry. These are grave words, but they have been heard so frequently during the existence of the present Parliament that they attracted little attention. There was no excitement when the question was put, such as is seen on the eve of a critical division. The House had rapidly cleared, and members streamed back in haste, designing as soon as the doors were unlocked to rush out and secure a cab. But when the current of the stream began to flag a movement was discovered in Conservative circles. Lord Randolph Churchill was the first who began to show himself on the alert. When Lord Kensington, who had been "telling" Ministerialists, came in first, thus indicating that all his men were in, the excitement rapidly grew. It was known what the figures on the Liberal side were, and every man coming in from the Conservative lobby brought news of the last number recorded. It was still under the Liberal poll, for the Conservatives, constitutionally less hasty in movement, were coming in more slowly. But the figures steadily mounted up till they reached the Liberal total. The next news was that they had passed it, and the cheering began below the gangway in the neighbourhood of the seat where Lord Randolph Churchill remained in a state of growing excitement.

When the paper was handed to Mr. Rowland Winn, indicating that the Opposition had the majority, a scene, the like of which is rarely beheld in the House of Commons, followed. Lord Randolph Churchill at a single bound leaped on to the bench, frantically waving his hat above his head, and cheering at the top of his voice. Mr. Healy and several of the Parnellites, who had contributed forty votes to the triumph of the Constitutional Party, followed his example, and soon all the members below the gangway, Parnellites and Conservatives, were on their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and madly cheering. Above the inarticulate roar of voices were heard cries of "Coercion!" and "Buckshot!" the latter levelled at Mr. Forster, who sat in his corner seat with folded arms and head downcast. As for Mr. Gladstone, who might have been supposed to be chiefly concerned, he went on writing the letter he had commenced in the division lobby. When the figures were read out, showing 264 voting against the second reading of the Budget Bill, and 252 in favour, the cheering was renewed with increased force, the Irish members again calling out "Buckshot! Buckshot!"

Mr. Gladstone going on writing his letter as if a Government defeat were a matter of every-day occurrence, the clerk at the table, not to be outdone in sangfroid, went on with the orders of the day, "Crofters' Bill, second reading," he recited; and still Mr. Gladstone made no sign. The House stared at the Premier in amazement, which presently found expression in cries of "Adjourn! Adjourn!" Hearing this Mr. Gladstone looked up with a pretty air of surprise, and gazed round quite astonished to find himself the focus of five hundred pair of eyes. If they wanted the adjournment, of course they should have it; and the House forthwith adjourned.

This happened at two o'clock on Tuesday morning. At half-past four the same afternoon Mr. Gladstone, standing at the table of the House, announced that the Cabinet had "made a dutiful communication to Her Majesty," which is Ministerial language for sending in their resignation. Thus it was accepted by the House, and cheers arose from both sides, the Liberals plainly glad to be rid of their embarrassing position, and the Conservatives overjoyed that at length, after much fighting, victory had unexpectedly tumbled into their lap. The House adjourned immediately after Mr. Gladstone's statement, to meet again to-day (Friday), when he would indicate what arrangements have been made to carry on the Queen's Government.



THE RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTRY in consequence of their defeat in the House of Commons early on Tuesday morning was, it is understood, tendered to Her Majesty by telegraph the same afternoon after a meeting of the Cabinet. In the evening, at the House Dinner of the City Liberal Club, Sir Charles Dilke made a speech, to which the circumstances under which it was delivered gave a peculiar interest. It was jubilant in tone, and Sir Charles predicted that at the general election a complete triumph would be achieved by the Liberal party, whether Mr. Gladstone, on whom he pronounced a glowing panegyric, continued or not to lead it. Sir Charles Dilke added, "I do not believe he is likely to leave us," an intimation which was received with enthusiastic applause. Referring to the possibility of the advent of the Conservatives to office, Sir Charles described some of the difficulties which would confront them, dwelling significantly on local government in Ireland as a problem which it was out of their power to solve satisfactorily.

ON TUESDAY, too, Mr. W. H. Smith, at Henley-on-Thames, spoke with indignation of the sacrifice in Egypt of millions of money and thousands of human lives without a single tangible result. Referring to the division of Tuesday morning, he said that the Government had been killed, not by Conservative votes, but by the deliberate abstention of Ministerialists, who were disgusted with it, and therefore refused to sustain it in its hour of difficulty.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AND LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL were present on Wednesday at the usual banquet given by the Benchers of the Middle Temple in celebration of the "Grand Day," and they received a perfect ovation as the company passed out of the hall when dinner was over.

SIR PETER LUMSDEN arrived in London on Saturday evening, and ranks already among the lions of the season. On alighting at the Charing Cross railway station, he was enthusiastically welcomed by a large assemblage of the public, and on the arrival platform by a group of distinguished personages, military and parliamentary, which included two Field Marshals, Lord Strathnairn and Sir P. Grant, and Lord Napier of Magdala. He is described as receiving a "very cordial reception" from the brilliant assembly held the same evening at the Foreign Office by Lady Granville, after the banquet given by Lord Granville in honour of Her Majesty's birthday. Proposing his health in connection with the toast of "The Visitors" at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday, Lord Houghton said that Sir Peter Lumsden was "at present, perhaps, the most interesting man in England."

A PARLIAMENTARY PAPER issued this week, containing further correspondence on operations in the Sudan, gives the text of an important despatch from Lord Wolseley to Lord Hartington, dated "Cairo, 16th April, 1885," in which, at some length, and with evident earnestness, he advocates an advance on Khartoum in the autumn, and protests against a British evacuation of Dongola and the adoption of a merely defensive policy as certain to lead eventually to an invasion of Egypt Proper by the Mahdi, bringing with it "a war at least as great as that in which we are now engaged," while in the mean time "we should have to carry on a succession of frontier affairs, harassing and vexatious to the troops, and costly both in men and money." Lord Wolseley has just been made a Knight of St. Patrick, in succession to the late Lord O'Hagan.

LORD CARNARVON has offered to sell to the labourers on his estates small portions of land at a reasonable price. Addressing a public meeting this week at Whitway, he announced that he had received an application for the purchase of half an acre, with which he would willingly comply, and that he would arrange so that the legal expenses of the transfer should be as trifling as possible.

THE PEERS OF SCOTLAND met at Edinburgh on Wednesday, and unanimously elected Lord Lindsay as representative Peer in the room of the late Earl of Selkirk.

MR. GEORGE BALFOUR, a nephew of Lord Salisbury, and brother of the Member for Hertford, has been adopted as their candidate by the Conservatives of Central Leeds. Sir Lyon Playfair, who is retiring from the representation of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's Universities, has accepted the invitation (one of thirteen from various constituencies) to stand as Liberal candidate for South Leeds.

MR. BOEHM'S STATUE OF CHARLES DARWIN in the hall of the Natural History Museum in South Kensington, erected by a subscription which the Royal Society initiated, was unveiled on Tuesday, and presented to the Trustees of the British Museum by Professor Huxley, as President of that Society, in presence of a distinguished company, which included the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury (a Trustee), Sir Richard Owen, Mr. Robert Browning, and three sons of the late Mr. Darwin. In a brief and lucid speech Professor Huxley described the complete change in the fundamental conceptions and aims of the students of living nature effected by Darwin's teaching, and, referring to the cosmopolitan character of the subscriptions to the Darwin Fund, mentioned that Sweden furnished more than 2,000 subscriptions contributed by "all sorts of people, from the bishop to the seamstress," and in sums varying from 5*l.* to 2*l.* On the part of the Trustees of the British Museum, and in a few appropriate sentences, the Prince of Wales formally accepted the gift.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday the Marquis of Lorne was elected President for the ensuing year, in succession to Lord Aberdare, who has held the office for five years. In delivering the usual address, Lord Aberdare summarised the report, just completed, of the Inspector appointed by the Society last year to inquire into the state of geographical education at home and abroad, which contained a striking contrast between the prominence given to the systematic study of geography on the Continent and its comparative neglect in this country. The Founders' and the Patrons' Gold Medals were awarded respectively to Mr. Joseph Thomson for his two expeditions in Eastern Africa, and to Mr. O'Neill, H.M. Consul at Mozambique, for his scientifically valuable explorations in the same region.

AT THE CLOSING ORDINARY MEETING this week of the Royal Institute of British Architects that body, with the express sanction of Her Majesty, awarded to Dr. Schliemann (who is one of their corresponding members) the Royal gold medal, which is the yearly gift of the Queen. Dr. Schliemann briefly thanked the Institute for the distinction conferred on him.

FIFTEEN MEN were more or less injured by an explosion of the gas which had accumulated in the bunkers of H.M. turret-ship *Inflexible*, when being coaled in readiness to sail with Admiral Hornby's Squadron. A man went into one of the bunkers with a naked oil lamp, and the gas at once ignited.

THE HEAVY RAINFALL at the beginning of the week caused the bursting of an old sewer near the Sloane Square Station of the District Railway, which was so flooded with its contents that traffic was interrupted. Among other damage done, a number of poor people in the smaller houses near Sloane Square had their rooms flooded, and made temporarily uninhabitable. The Rector of Upper Chelsea appeals to the benevolent to aid them.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his eighty-first year, of Sir Julius Benedict; in his forty second year, at Cairo, of Major

Boyne, of the Berkshire Regiment; of the Rev. R. W. Edwards, Canon of St. Asaph, and Vicar of Llanrhader, Denbighshire, at the advanced age of ninety-one; of Mr. James Moncrieff Arnott, one of the oldest members of the medical profession, formerly Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the late Prince Consort, many years surgeon to the Middlesex and North London Hospitals, also Professor of Surgery in King's and University College, London, and a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, which, in 1860, elected him its representative in the General Council of Medical Education; in his sixty-sixth year of Sir William Mure Muir, late Director-General of the Army Medical Department, who served on full pay for nearly forty years, twenty-four of which were passed in foreign service. He was in medical charge of his regiment, the 33rd, during the whole of the siege of Sebastopol, and, having served during the Indian Mutiny, was selected as Principal Medical Officer of Sir Hope Grant's expeditionary force in China. Subsequently he was Principal Medical officer to the British troops in Bengal. He is described as the author of the great change in the position of army-surgeons effected by the Warrant of 1879, through which the old system of attaching medical officers to regiments was abandoned, and they were devoted to the service of the sick and wounded without regard to regimental divisions.



A SOMEWHAT repulsive story set forth in a succession of scenes rather on the method of the romance writer than of the dramatist has not prevented M. Claretie's *Prince Zilah* from repeating at the GAIETY Theatre the success which it has achieved at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris. M. Mayer, who has opened his summer campaign of French performances with more than usual spirit, has assembled for this performance the leading members of the original cast. Madame Jane Hading's performance of the part of the tender, deeply injured, and in her just resentment, terrible heroine, is undoubtedly a very powerful piece of acting, and one which exhibits a wide range of expression; and she is well supported by M. Damala, whose progress as a serious actor, in spite of his rather monotonous delivery, since London audiences first gave him a friendly welcome, is sufficiently remarkable. It is, however, to be wished that these excellent performers, together with their clever colleagues, MM. St. Germain, Landrol, Romain, Numes, and others had found a less gloomy field for the exercise of their talents. The lady who conceals a former *liaison* from her intended husband, and endeavours to escape from the abominable persecutions of her quondam lover by causing the latter to be torn to pieces by bloodhounds in her garden; and the quondam lover who, escaping from this fate, hands the lady's compromising letters to the bridegroom on his wedding day, are personages with whom, in spite of the intense interest of certain situations, the spectator feels in the end that he has spent more time than is quite agreeable. Whether the mournful end of the persecuted Marsa is altogether unacceptable to the audience, we can hardly venture to say. As prolonged and painful deaths in the last act have—at least since the production of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and *La Dame aux Camélias*—been greatly in favour with leading actresses, it must be presumed that they have found at least a considerable section of their admirers disposed to find pleasure in such exhibitions. Anyway, Madame Jane Hading received on Monday evening a very cordial welcome back to our shores.

As our readers are aware, the GAIETY performances alternate almost from night to night between comic opera properly so-called, performed by a powerful company, and dramatic performances such as we have described. The series extends over three weeks. The latter days will be devoted to performances in which Madame Sarah Bernhardt will appear, together with another company, including M. Philippe Garnier of the Comédie Française. The sensational feature of these representations will be the reproduction here of M. Sardou's elaborate classical melodrama in five acts, entitled *Théodora*, in which Madame Bernhardt will repeat her original impersonation of the notorious Roman Empress.

Messrs. H. A. Jones and Wilson Barrett's new romantic drama at the PRINCESS'S will not be produced till the autumn. It will be brought out simultaneously in London and New York.

An almost uninterrupted run of misfortune has attended upon the open-air performances of Lady Archibald Campbell and her associates at COOMBE HOUSE. The performance of *As You Like It* on Saturday week was witnessed by a distinguished audience, shivering in the chilly wind. After a postponement, Saturday last was fixed for a repetition; but this time the showery weather absolutely forbade. Monday was then announced; and even the newspapers of Monday morning gave notice that at three o'clock that afternoon the "Pastoral Players" would play the "forest scenes" again for the last time. A heavy downpour of rain, however, began early on that morning, and, continuing without intermission throughout the day, open-air performances were, of course, out of the question. Thursday of this week was afterwards appointed, when the sky was bright, though the east wind was keen. Altogether, these *al fresco* entertainments, though interesting in themselves, seem hardly suited to our uncertain climate.

The version of *Maison Neuve*, which is understood to be in preparation at the St. JAMES'S, will not, we believe, be produced before the autumn season. Meanwhile the management revive this week Mr. Pinero's clever play of *The Money-Spinner*, with Mrs. Kendal in one of the most successful of her serious performances. Mr. Hare's Baron Crocodile is well worth seeing again; as is Mr. Kendal's spirited and truthful impersonation of the young Scotch nobleman. The performances, which take place too late in the week for notice in our present number, include an entirely new comedieta by the author of *Uncle's Will*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, "on an island in the Pacific," will share between them the greater part of the dialogue.

The new romantic play at DRURY LANE, entitled *A True Story*, will be produced on Monday next. The scene passes alternately in London and Paris during the period of the siege. The author is Mr. Elliot Galer. It has already been produced at a provincial theatre.

Saturday, the 18th of July, is the date fixed for Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's final farewell of HAYMARKET audiences. There is certain to be a distinguished gathering on this interesting occasion.

MR. T. BLAKE WIRGMAN has recently completed a picture realising on a large scale and with great apparent fidelity an interesting incident of modern history. It is entitled "Peace with Honour," and represents the Queen giving an audience to Lord Beaconsfield immediately after his return from the Berlin Conference in 1878. Although he has had to work mainly from photographs, the artist has succeeded in infusing a great amount of vitality into the figures, and both are excellent likenesses. The face of the deceased statesman and the attitude of his figure are strikingly characteristic. All the features of the room at Osborne in which the interview took place are accurately reproduced, and the picture accordingly, apart from its great artistic merit, is valuable as a record of fact. It will remain on view for some time at No. 163, New Bond Street, before passing into the hands of the engraver.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY has elected Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, the architect, an Academician, and Messrs. Burne Jones, Henry Moore, and J. W. Waterhouse Associates.

A POLYGLOT REPRESENTATION of *Hamlet* was lately given at Stockholm. Signor Rossi, as Hamlet, played in Italian, Ophelia spoke Finnish, and the rest of the company delivered their parts in Swedish.

LONDON AND PARIS are to be brought still nearer by half-an-hour. For twenty years the French Northern Railway have been planning a fresh line between Calais and Boulogne, and they have just voted the necessary funds.

KRAKATOA, THE JAVAN VOLCANO which caused such dire disaster two years ago, is again in eruption, much to the alarm of the neighbouring inhabitants. The rocks which suddenly appeared out of the sea after the great eruption have as suddenly disappeared.

THE BISMARCK BIRTHDAY FUND is to be definitively devoted to educational purposes. Thus help will be given to young teachers of all classes who have finished their studies but cannot yet earn their own living, and also to teachers in work, to enable them to educate their children.

POISONING BY A CARPET is a rare occurrence, yet a New York lady recently had an unpleasant experience of this kind. She bought a green carpet, and whilst making it to fit the room was seized with most violent illness, declared at once by the doctor to be severe metallic poisoning. The carpet has been sent to a Government chemist for analysis.

A FOUR-FOOTED BIRD has been discovered in South America. The "cigana" (*Opisthocomia cristata*), or "gipsy," as it is called by the natives, lives on the Anabiju River, in the Island of Marajo, at the mouth of the Amazon, and builds its nest in the reeds of the "aninga," a large-leaved semi-aquatic plant which grows in dense masses in the island swamps. The bird resembles a pheasant, and is only four-footed in early life, as after a few days' existence one pair of legs develop into wings.

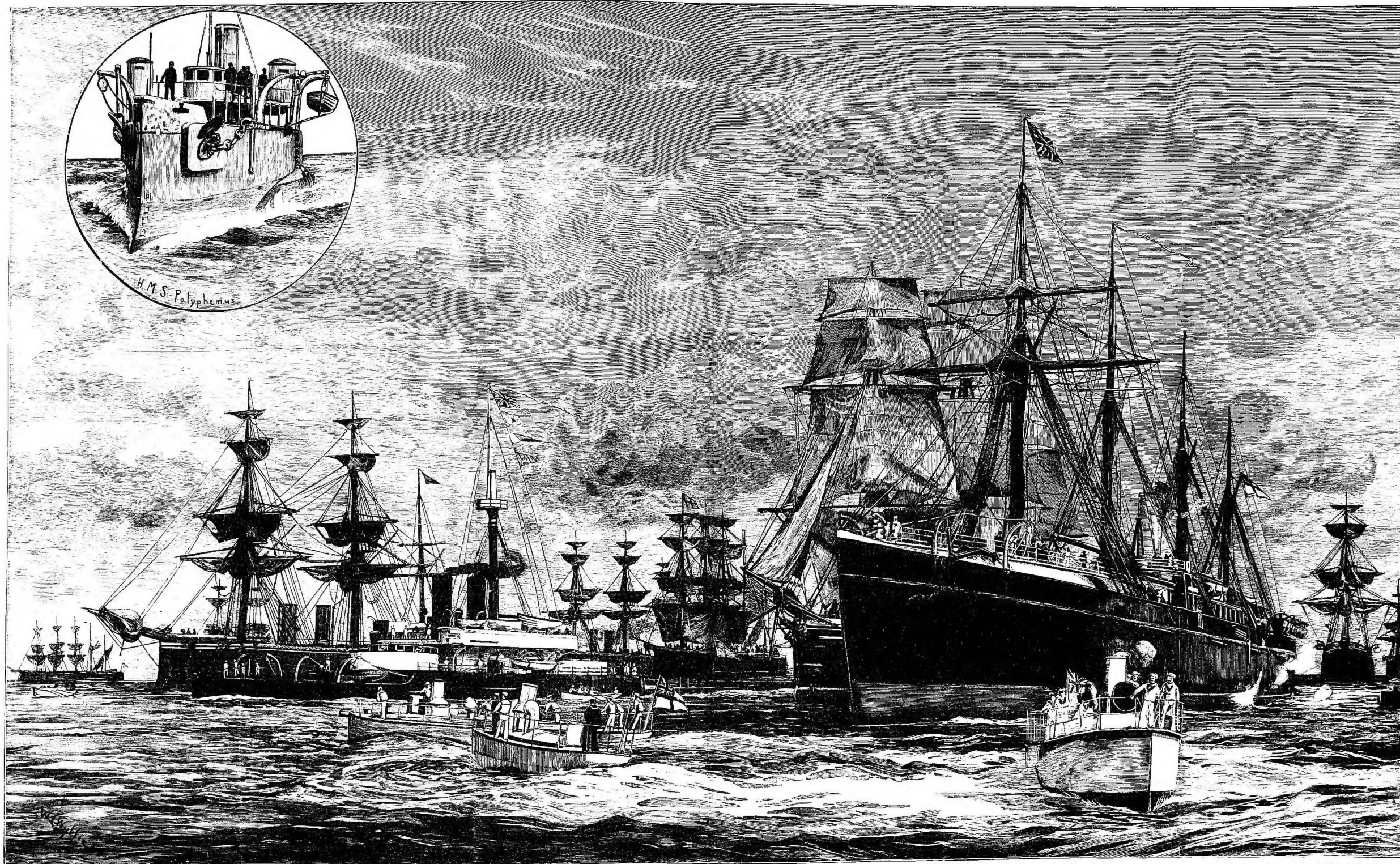
THE FLOWERS FOR VICTOR HUGO'S FUNERAL cost over 40,000*l.*—five times the value of the floral tributes to Gambetta, then considered excessive. Most of the huge wreaths and bouquets still lie around the dead poet's temporary resting-place in the Pantheon, which is constantly surrounded by crowds flattening their noses against the shut iron *grilles*, as no one is admitted inside without a Ministerial order. The coffin stands on a huge square pedestal under the front colonnade until it is removed to a vault in the crypt opposite Rousseau's tomb. Voltaire and Soufflot, the Pantheon architect, occupy two other sides of the vault.

A RUSSIAN SCARE recently greatly excited the South Australians at Port Adelaide. The military had been warned that in the event of Russian cruisers appearing, an alarm of war would be sounded by the bells of the Port Town Hall, and three big guns from one of the forts, when the men were to fall in at once. One morning the Town Hall bells rang vigorously, and spread alarm through the town. The members of the police force fell in immediately, a few volunteers appeared, and hundreds of people, lightly attired, scampered along the streets to the railway station, where the volunteers were to assemble. No one, however, had heard the guns fired, and after a time some mistake was suspected. Finally, a telephone message informed the head of the police that the affair was only a hoax.

THE "BUFFON NATURAL HISTORY" BALL lately given in Paris by the Princesse de Sagan has aroused dire wrath among some of the strict Catholic organs, which roundly scold the highest members of the French aristocracy for forming part of a menagerie. The ball seems to have been very amusing, however, and displayed some astonishing toilettes borrowed from the bird, insect, and animal world. At supper each gentleman was given a flower to match with a certain lady, so that all costumes might harmonise. Thus one table was filled only with wasps and bees, as the ladies had not only dressed their heads in natural history style, but minutely represented their chosen characters. These bees and wasps opened the ball by suddenly appearing from a huge gilt hive, and dancing a quadrille, which was followed by a quadrille of poodles. The hostess was dressed as a peacock, and her long train expanded like the bird's tail as she received each guest, and an ibis, a serpent, a tiger, a swallow, and a Venus' dove were among the most successful costumes.

NATIVE LITERARY PRODUCTIONS IN INDIA steadily increase year by year. The last annual report shows decided progress in most departments of literature, and gives some interesting information respecting the popular taste in different Presidencies. Thus the Madrasese are of a practical turn, and prefer such subjects as gardening, cremation, &c.; while the Bengalees are more artistically-minded, and produce various works on music and painting—more particularly a collection of the opinions of distinguished European writers on Hindu music. Bombay also chooses music and agriculture, provides memoirs of Socrates, Shakespeare, and Garibaldi, and an odd Guzerati work, the "Attainment of Happiness"—the autobiography of an Englishman who abstained from eating meat and drinking spirituous liquors. Other curiosities of literature are a Tamil effort to improve the native feminine condition,—an "account of the gradual progress of women from their primitive condition in savage life to their elevated state in civilized society," a quaint Urdu periodical, "The Nosegay of Coquetry," full of poetic extracts, and a Hindu pamphlet, a description of the sentiment of love, of the six seasons, and of a woman from top to toe. A poem to commemorate the brilliant success of the British Army in Egypt, "The victorious flag of victory," sounds somewhat as if it was "wrote sarkastic."

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,521 deaths were registered, against 1,538 during the previous seven days, a fall of 17, being 1 below the average, and at the rate of 19.4 per 1,000. These deaths included 34 from small-pox (a decline of 4, and 7 above the average), 120 from measles (a rise of 30, and more than double the corrected average) exceeding the number in any week since the present epidemic, 9 from scarlet fever (a fall of 1), 15 from diphtheria (a decrease of 2), 46 from whooping-cough (a decline of 4), 13 from enteric fever (a fall of 2), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (a decrease of 2), 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 9), and not one from typhus or from cholera. The Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals contained 1,201 small-pox patients at the end of last week, the new admissions having declined to 180. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 290, a fall of 12, and 20 above the average. Different forms of violence caused 59 deaths; 48 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 25 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, 8 from drowning, and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,409 births registered, against 2,209 the previous week, being 236 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 62.6 deg., and 4.8 deg. above the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 69.6 hours, against 67.1 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



"ARINCOET"

"SULTAN"

"DEVASTATION"

"LORD WARDEN"

"MINOTAUR" (FLAG SHIP)

"HERCULES"

"HECLA"

"REPULSE"

SOME VESSELS OF THE EVOLUTIONARY FLEET, UNDER ADMIRAL SIR G. HORNBY

FROM SKETCHES MADE AT PORTSMOUTH BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF THE FLEET



THE defeat and resignation of Mr. Gladstone and his Ministers have naturally been the topic of the day throughout Europe. Very little sympathy is expressed for them in any country, the predominant feeling being that of satisfaction mingled with the freely-expressed hope that should the Conservatives take office they will resume the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, and thus regain the sympathy and confidence and alliance of the other Powers. In GERMANY this is especially the case, and the *Tagblatt* exclaims, "We Germans, anyhow, would not be particularly sorry at the retirement of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, for what we have received from it during the last five years has been anything but kindness; rather only ill-favour and grumbling." In AUSTRIA much the same feelings are expressed, and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the *Fremdenblatt*, and the semi-official *Presse* all join in declaring that the Cabinet had worn out the patience of its best friends by what the *Presse* calls its "shameful and almost insane foreign policy." In FRANCE, as also elsewhere, great surprise is expressed at Mr. Gladstone choosing to resign on a matter of detail rather than on a question of principle, and much doubt is expressed whether the Conservatives will choose on the eve of a general election to accept, in the words of the *Paris*, "the burdensome inheritance of Mr. Gladstone's Government." In financial circles some anxiety is expressed as to the effect of the crisis upon the pending Anglo-Russian negotiations, but as these are regarded as practically concluded, no real apprehensions are entertained.

From EGYPT the chief news relates to the continued retirement of our troops from their advanced posts on the Nile, and all places south of Dongola have been evacuated, while General Buller reports thence that 7,225 refugees have left northwards. At Suakim all has been quiet, and a reconnaissance has been unable to find any traces of the neighbourhood of Osman Digma and his followers. Further south there is a report that Kassala has fallen; but this as yet is unconfirmed, while no trustworthy statements of the Mahdi's movements have come to hand. It is rumoured, however, that he intends to occupy Dongola as soon as it is vacated by our troops. At Cairo the Queen's birthday was kept on Saturday with all due ceremony, the Royal Standard being hoisted on the Citadel, a royal salute being fired, and a grand review of 5,000 troops being held before the Khedive's Palace by General Stephenson, the troops on a given signal raising three ringing cheers for her Majesty. Sir Evelyn Wood left for England on sick leave on Saturday, being seen off at the station by all the chief notabilities, including the four great Abadieh Sheikhs, who wished him "God speed and an early return."

In FRANCE the Committee on the free navigation of the Suez Canal is still debating the much vexed question of the form in which the supreme control shall be exercised. England thinks that each foreign Consul should be able to take care of the interests of his own countrymen, but the other Powers are anxious that the Consuls should constitute a collective body of control over the land. Various compromises have been suggested, the most feasible being that of Italy, which provides for the Consuls meeting in concert only in the event of war, or of some great danger threatening the Canal. The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Canal was somewhat more animated than usual, owing to the energetic protestations of a noisy minority against the appointment of the new English directors. M. Charles Lesseps, however, entered warmly upon their defence, and they were ultimately elected, by 1,300 against 140 votes, there being 142 abstentions. The directors to be appointed are Mr. Robert Alexander, of Liverpool; Mr. James Laing, of Sunderland; Mr. William Mackinnon, of Glasgow; Mr. C. K. Monk, M.P.; Mr. C. M. Palmer, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. John Slagg, M.P., of Manchester; and Mr. Thomas Sutherland, M.P., Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company. Turning to home politics, the chief incidents have been the rejection of the proposed impeachment of the Ferry Ministry, and the final passing by the Chamber of the Scrutin de Liste Bill, with all the Senate's amendments. The Chinese difficulty may now be regarded as definitely settled, as on Tuesday a Treaty of Peace was signed in Tientsin by M. Patenôtre, Li Hung Chang, and two members of the Tsung-li-Yamen. The provisions are an elaboration of those contained in the Fournier Convention of May, 1884. France will evacuate Kelung and the Pescadores within a month, and China recognises the French protectorate over Annam.

In PARIS the *Fête Dieu* was celebrated on Sunday with more than usual fervour by the Clericals, as a protest against the secularisation of the Panthéon. Cardinal Guibert directed that the occasion should be taken "to offer to God a reparation for the profanation of His sanctuary, and to St. Genevieve a pious homage in compensation for the ingratitude shown her by depriving her of her church." *Miserere* was accordingly sung in all the churches of the diocese, and at the Church of St. Étienne du Mont—the real church of St. Genevieve—a denunciatory sermon was preached on the desecration of the Panthéon. To return to the prime, though unconscious, cause of all this wrath, it is stated that Victor Hugo's manuscripts, referred to in his literary testament, will furnish material for ten volumes. His literary executors are MM. A. Vacquerie, Paul Meurice, and Lefevre, who are to receive a percentage on the profits of the sale of these works, all the rest of the poet's fortune (amounting to 200,000*l.*) being left to Madame Lockroy, and to his grandchildren, Jeanne and Georges, ample provision being made for his only surviving daughter, now in a lunatic asylum. The tomb in the Panthéon is still visited by crowds of persons anxious to add their floral tribute, and a movement has been set on foot for the erection of a national monument to the great poet's memory.

GERMANY has been rejoicing over the recovery of her aged Emperor, who is now perfectly convalescent and free from pain, and who will shortly leave for Ems or Wiesbaden. The chief political topic is the dispute with the Sultan of Zanzibar, and a squadron of five vessels has been ordered to make a demonstration off his capital. These are manned by 1,600 men, and carry forty guns, and are commanded by Vice-Admiral Paschen, an ex-Austrian officer, who took part in the Battle of Lissa. The Sultan's claim to the protectorate of the whole of the East African coast, from Cape Delgado to the mouth of the Juba River, is pronounced to be illegal by Germany, who declare that the native chieftains have never recognised his sovereignty, in particular the Sultan of Vitu, who has always been an independent ruler of the territory between the Rivers Osi and Dana, and from the coast to the mountains, including Kenia and Kilima-njaro. The Germans are anxious for the recall of the British Consul at Zanzibar, Sir John Kirk, whom they accuse of inciting the Sultan to obduracy. Earl Rosebery, however, is said to have assured Prince Bismarck that England will no longer oppose his colonial policy. In the Cameroons it is now officially stated that peace has been restored, and that the German Captain Bendemann, and the English Captain Young have agreed upon the frontier. The acceptance by England of the protectorate of the Niger district is not liked by the German Press, but it is admitted that that region lies outside the sphere of German influence. New

Zealand's claim to Samoa, however, is meeting with much opposition, and the *North German Gazette* tells the New Zealand authorities that they might find enough to do in the further development of their own resources. Two English smacks have been captured by the German gun-boat *Pomerania* for fishing off the island of Norderney, in contravention of the International Fishing Convention. They have been towed into Wilhelmshaven, and fines inflicted upon the owners. The *North German Gazette* makes this incident a text for a sermon on the superior sea-going qualities of the British over the German smacks—the small size of the latter compelling them to keep close in shore, and run for harbour in dirty weather.

The cholera in SPAIN appears to be spreading. The epidemic at Valencia is increasing, and some cases have appeared at Madrid. Strict sanitary measures, it is officially announced, are to be adopted, and all the paraphernalia of cordons and lazarettos are to be organised so as to ensure a complete isolation of all infected towns. Much indignation is being expressed at the failure of the negotiations for the Commercial Treaty with England, mainly owing to the pressure exercised by a comparatively small party of Barcelona manufacturers and traders.

In ITALY, the Technical Committee of the Sanitary Conference has been busily discussing the various measures to be adopted towards the crew and passengers of an infected ship on her arrival at a Mediterranean port. On Thursday the result of its labours was to be submitted to the Plenary Conference. The British delegates have succeeded in curtailing many of the absurd quarantine and lazaret proposals of their colleagues; and Sir Joseph Fayrer has vigorously protested against the accusation that India should be regarded as a source of cholera for Europe. He challenged the Conference to name a single instance of a British ship so communicating cholera; but no one took up the gauntlet, while Dr. Thorne Thorne indignantly rebutted the mercenary motives usually attributed to England, by showing the sums she spent on public health.

A rumour of the assassination of the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN has reached St. Petersburg, but has as yet received no confirmation. The Russians are exceedingly angry at the remarks alleged to have been made by Sir Peter Lumsden in his conversation with the journalists, but totally forget the fact that Russian Anglophobist Generals are in no way wont to be reticent of their opinions. There is nothing new with regard to the negotiations which continue to be a source of grief and regret alike to Europeans and natives in India, where, however, all proportions for a complete defence of the frontier are being actively pushed forward. The Quetta Railway is making steady progress, and the new Ghoorka regiments are being rapidly recruited, the Nepaulese Government affording all the assistance in their power. On their side the Russians are not idle, and the telegraph line is now completed to Merv, and also to Mahna, seventy miles from Sarakhs.

In CANADA, Big Bear has split his forces into two parts, the Chief himself and his immediate followers being pursued by General Middleton, who on Sunday had come up to within twenty miles of the Indians, and the remainder by General Strange. Fifty-five prisoners have succeeded in escaping from Big Bear, and Mr. Maclean and his family are now almost the only captives in his hands. The prisoners do not appear to have been badly treated, and state that no indignities were offered to any of the women. The Maritime provinces are very anxious for a new reciprocity treaty with the United States, but the latter are by no means desirous of renewing the expiring arrangement.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from AUSTRIA that political parties are still agitated by the success of the Ministerialists at the elections and the defeat of the German Liberals.—TURKEY cannot make up her mind whether to accept or reject Earl Granville's proposal that she should occupy Suakim.—There has been a cyclone at ADEN, where damage has been done to the amount of 50,000*l.* A French despatch-boat, the *Renard*, is missing.—In CRETE there have been some serious disturbances, owing to the appointment of Savas Pasha as Governor.—In the UNITED STATES General Crook is closely pursuing the Apache Indians in New Mexico, and telegraphs that the raid is probably at an end. There is a slight increase of business at New York.—In MEXICO a waterspout burst on Saturday near Lagos, covering the district with a body of water six feet deep. More than 200 lives were lost.—In INDIA the Cashmere earthquake has proved more serious than was at first reported. During the shocks at Srinagar on the 31st ult. and 1st inst., 87 persons were killed and 100 injured. The Maharajah's palace and the British Residency are both reduced to ruins.—In CHINA Mr. Burnett, a missionary of the National Bible Society of Scotland, has been attacked and severely wounded by a mob at Lu-How-Fu, a large city on the north side of the Yangtze River. He was compensated for his losses by the local authorities, and escorted in safety to Wuhu, where he intended to report the matter to the Consul.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Transvaal Volksraad has passed a resolution disqualifying all persons who signed the petition for annexation to Great Britain and against retrocession from holding office or being a member of the Volksraad. Mr. Joubert has been sworn in as Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal Forces. In a speech he pronounced the future to be dark and gloomy, but he declared that he relied upon the support of all parties, and would do the best for the country.



THE Queen's return to Windsor will probably be hastened by the Ministerial crisis, instead of Her Majesty staying in Scotland until the 23rd inst., as originally intended. Meanwhile, the Princess Louise has already left Balmoral, while the Princesses Beatrice and Leiningen remain with the Queen. The Royal party take their accustomed drives, the longest excursion having been to the Glassall Shiel, and on Sunday they attended Divine Service at Balmoral. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and subsequently dined with Her Majesty, while next day the Hon. Rosa Hood joined the Royal circle at dinner. Active preparations are going on for the Princess Beatrice's wedding, which takes place at Whippingham Church shortly after the arrival of the Court at Osborne next month. Among the most interesting presents will be an album of drawings executed by the members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, the Princess herself being a member of the Institute, and frequent exhibitor. The wedding cake to be presented by the Kentish ladies is being made, and will be a handsome sugary edifice, 4 cwt. in weight, and mounted on a massive gold stand. There will be three tiers of cakes, wreathed with lilies, jessamine, passion-flowers, ivy, and roses, symbolising sweetness, purity, and friendship, while the whole will be surmounted with the orthodox Cupids, and a huge vase of emblematic flowers. Shields bearing the bride and bridegroom's coats-of-arms will also be among the ornaments, which are all made of sugar. By command of the Queen a fan has been designed and painted in silk by Miss A. E. Manly, of the Queen's Square School of Art, as a gift to the Princess from Her Majesty.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family joined in the official celebration of the Queen's birthday on Saturday, notwithstanding the rainy weather. In the morning the Prince, accompanied

by the Dukes of Edinburgh and Cambridge, was on horseback during the trooping of the Queen's colours at the Horse Guards, while the Princess and daughters looked on from the windows, and in the evening the Prince and Prince Albert Victor were present at Mr. Gladstone's official banquet, and subsequently accompanied the Princess with Prince George and Princess Louise of Wales to Lady Granville's reception. Next day the Royal party attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Prince and Princess and daughters went down to Gravesend, and embarked on Lord Alfred Paget's steam yacht *St. Cecilia* to witness the regatta of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, of which the Prince is commodore. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the French Plays at the Gaiety. The Prince on Tuesday morning went to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, where, as representative of the British Museum Trustees, he received the Memorial Statue of Charles Darwin, unveiled by Professor Huxley, and on returning home the band of the Blucher Hussars, of which the Prince is Hon. Colonel, played at Marlborough House. Later the Prince held a Levée at St. James's, and accompanied the Princess and daughters to the Horse Show, while in the evening the Prince and Princess and the young Princesses went to an American concert in aid of the National Relief Fund for Sick and Wounded British Soldiers. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor and their daughters went to the Military Assault at Arms, at the Floral Hall, in aid of the funds of the Royal Military Benevolent Fund. Prince Albert Victor was called to the Bench of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, and with the Prince of Wales dined with the Benchers in the evening, the two Princes, with the Princess of Wales and Princess Louise, going afterwards to the Duchess of Leeds' ball. Last (Friday) night the Prince and Princess, with the other members of the Royal Family, would attend the State Ball.—On Monday the Prince opens the Sanatorium at St. Ann's Heath, Virginia Water, for the mentally afflicted of the middle classes; on the 23rd he will be present at the Mansion House meeting connected with the Beaumont Trust Fund for the Technical Education and Recreation of the East Londoners; and on July 4th he will inaugurate the Albany Memorial buildings of the Queen Square Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic.—Prince Albert Victor was raised to the third degree in Freemasonry at the Cambridge University Isaac Newton Lodge, on Monday night. He presides at the inspection of the *Warspite* training-ship on June 25th.

The Duke of Edinburgh on Saturday night went to the First Lord of the Admiralty's official banquet, and afterwards to the Foreign Office reception. On Tuesday he was present at the meeting of the Royal Commission on Loss of Life at Sea, and last (Friday) night would preside at the dinner of the Albert Orphan Asylum. Tomorrow (Sunday) he inspects the Corps of Commissionaires. Young Prince Alfred of Edinburgh fell into the River Stour at Wye last week whilst fishing, but is none the worse for his wetting.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught in the *Sutlej* reached Suez on the 5th inst., and Port Said on Monday, leaving thence at once for Marseilles.—Prince Christian has gone to Berlin. The Princess on Monday opened and presided at the annual sale of the Royal School of Art Needlework, Princess Louise also being present.



SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.—This veteran and most popular musician died suddenly on Friday last, in his eighty-first year. He was, it will be recollected, taken ill in March, but had so far recovered as to resume some of his lessons, and two days before his death to take a drive. The benefit announced for him at Drury Lane on the 23rd inst. will be given for his widow, who is left in anything but affluent circumstances. It is now neither practicable nor necessary to refer in detail to the life-work and career of a man who was personally acquainted with Beethoven, was a pupil of Hummel and Weber, and a friend of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and of most of the leading musicians of the greater part of the present century. His biography—admirably summed up by his friend, the late J. W. Davison, in *The Graphic* of February 23, 1884, when a full-page portrait, drawn from life, was given among the "Celebrities of the Day"—would be almost analogous to the musical history of our times, so great and varied a part has this distinguished musician played in the later development of the art in this country. Perhaps the master may be found to have told the story himself; for Benedict, following the example of Berlioz and Spohr, projected, and, it is believed, sketched out, at least a portion of his autobiography. Benedict was laid in the grave at Kensal Green on Tuesday, in the presence of many sorrowing friends.

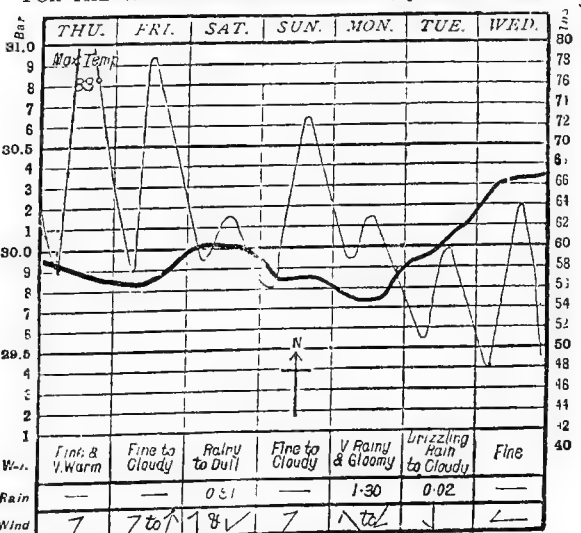
CONCERT NOVELTIES.—Several new compositions introduced at concerts since we last wrote, deserve more attention than they can be accorded in the height of the season. Dr. Richter on Monday introduced Mr. d'Albert's new overture to Hölderlin's *Hyperion*. It proved to be a gloomy and lengthy work, in which the young musician had attempted to emulate the style of his master, Liszt. Berlioz's "Funeral Symphony," only once before heard in England, at the Crystal Palace in 1882, concluded the concert. The so-called symphony was composed for performance in the open air on the tenth anniversary of the Revolution of July. Subsequently Berlioz added *ad libitum* parts for strings and choir, and these were used by Dr. Richter on Monday. The force of wind (Berlioz wrote for 200 military instruments) was also, of course, considerably diminished. The symphony opens with a funeral march, intended to accompany the procession. It is followed by the "funeral oration," delivered as the bodies are lowered into the grave, and by the "Apotheosis," which concludes this extraordinary work. The "oration," it may be mentioned, is delivered by the solo trombone, which Berlioz, in his "Treatise on Orchestration," enthusiastically describes as "the true chief of epic instruments."—At the opening of the Albert Palace on Saturday a new "Ode," by Mr. Caldicott, was introduced. The text is a panegyric of the Prince Consort, the melody of whose chorale "Gotha" is felicitously introduced in the opening and closing movements. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* concluded the concert.—Mr. Henry Leslie last week resumed the direction of his famous choir. Four years ago the choir, after twenty-five years of life, was dissolved. It was subsequently revived under Mr. Randegger, who resigned last year. Mr. Leslie was then induced once more to head the choir, which has done such yeoman's service to unaccompanied part-music in this country. The choir sang from their old repertory part-songs by Wesley (the fine motett, "In Exitu Israel"), Wilbye, Pearsall, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, and Callcott (the charming setting of "Love wakes and weeps"), and likewise introduced two new part-songs by Mr. Leslie, a dainty "Lullaby," and a fine six part-song set to Shakespeare's "O let me play the fool."

THE OPERA.—The contract for Covent Garden was signed last Friday, and Mr. Mapleson will open the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday next. There will be only eight, or possibly ten, performances, at all of which Madame Patti will appear. The great artist has been studying the part of Carmen, but she still hesitates to run the risk of an appearance in so dangerous a character, almost at the end of her public career.—The French Opera season opened at the Gaiety on Saturday, with M. Delibes'

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Princess of Wales will attend Mr. Hallé's recital on Saturday.—The marriages are announced of Mr. Henry E. Meiggs to Miss Gertrude Santley, second daughter of the eminent baritone, and of Mr. C. R. T. Davison, son of the late J. W. Davison, to Miss Emily Kenney, niece of the late Charles Lamb Kenney.—Mr. W. H. Cummings has been elected conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society on the resignation of Mr. Charles Hallé.—The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh were present at a performance of sacred music given at Sir Arthur Sullivan's private house on Sunday night.—Dr. Richter has accepted the conductorship of the German Opera, New York, subject to the approval of the Intendant of the Vienna opera.—We may remind music-lovers that the Handel Festival will begin at the Crystal Palace on Friday next, the 15th, and will be continued on Monday (*Messiah*), Wednesday ("Selection"), and Friday (*Israel in Egypt*) of the following week. Mr. Manns has directed several rehearsals, and the Festival is expected to be the finest ever held.—Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith" is the subject of the cantata, libretto by Mr. Bennett, and music by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, for the Leeds Festival next year.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The fine, hot weather which prevailed over England during the preceding week broke up in the course of this period, and was supplemented by a distinct decrease in temperature, with heavy rain at times over our southern counties. Pressure at the commencement of the time was highest over France, and lowest at our northern stations; and while the southern breezes were general, hot weather was experienced over England, and cloud with rain in the north and west. By Friday morning (5th inst.), however, a large depression was found off the north of Scotland, and a subsidiary disturbance at the mouth of the Bristol Channel. Cloudy, rainy weather, with a decided decrease in temperature, now prevailed for a time in most parts of the country, and thunderstorms occurred at Jersey. A temporary return of fine and warm weather was experienced on Sunday (7th inst.) pretty generally, but by Monday morning (8th inst.)—owing to a shallow depression which lay over the eastern part of the Channel—more unsettled and cold weather set in with heavy rain over our southern counties. At the close of the week pressure had increased greatly, and the eastern portion of a large anti-cyclone lay over the British Islands, with southerly breezes and cool but improving weather generally. The highest maxima occurred on Thursday (4th inst.), and were 83° in London, 84° at Loughborough, 85° at Leicester, and 86° at Pawtry. The heaviest rainfall in twenty-four hours was 1·30 inches in London, and 1·41 inches at Cambridge on Monday (8th inst.). The barometer was highest (30·35 inches) on Wednesday (10th inst.); lowest (29·74 inches) on Monday (8th inst.); range, 0·61 inches. Temperature was highest (83°) on Thursday (4th inst.); lowest (48°) on Wednesday (10th inst.); range, 35°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 1·63 inches.



REPLYING, THROUGH HIS SECRETARY, to a Scotch clerical correspondent, Mr. Gladstone states that he sees no possibility of dealing with the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland in the present Parliament, and that Parliament would not be disposed to entertain such a measure without the declaration of some strong national feeling in Scotland favouring it.

THE DEANERY OF LINCOLN, vacant by the death of Dr. Blakesley, has, it is understood, been conferred on Dr. Butler, Canon of Worcester, and author of "Sermons for Working Men."

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the friends of the East London Church Fund, the Lord Mayor presiding, appeals were made by the Bishops of London and Bedford, Lord Aberdeen, and Sir R. Cross for financial aid; the work at present undertaken requiring 10,000*l.* a year, while the subscriptions last year amounted to 8,900*l.* The population of the district embraced by the Fund is nearly a million; and whereas in 1880 there was only one clergyman for every 4,300 people, there is now, through the operation of the Fund, one for every 3,400. In moving a resolution the Bishop of London said that he would like to leave London House and all its associations, and take up his abode near the Cathedral, where he could more actively co-operate with the Bishop of Bedford, and in turn become his Suffragan in the work of providing for the spiritual well-being of that forsaken portion of his Diocese, the East End.

At the SEVENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING of the National Society on Wednesday, presided over by the Bishop of London, Lord George Hamilton, in moving a resolution, stated that whereas last year there was a falling off in the subscriptions and in the grants earned by elementary schools, this year there was an increase of between 17,000*l.* and 18,000*l.* in the subscriptions, and of no less than 106,000*l.* in the amount of grants obtained by children in the schools of the Society.

AT THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING of the English Church Union, held on Wednesday, Lord Devon moved, and Canon Body seconded, a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, expressing sympathy with the Rev. J. Bell Cox, of Liverpool, and his congregation, and assuring them of support in their refusal to acknowledge the authority of the Privy Council and the Courts in spiritual matters. According to the Annual Report, 832 persons had joined the Union during the past year, and the number of ordinary associates is now 2,215.

OPENING A FINE ART EXHIBITION at the Free Library, New Road, South Lambeth, Lord Thurlow referred to his advocacy of the opening of Museums and Art Galleries on Sunday, and expressed his belief that he would be able to carry his point in the next Parliament. Some of the Bishops, he added, who had been great stumbling-blocks in the way, were coming round to sound views on the question, and he had reason to know that Mr. Gladstone was changing his mind, and beginning to see the wisdom of the course advocated by the friends of the Sunday movement.

COMPLETING ON TUESDAY the twenty-fifth year of his ministration, Monsignor Goddard, the priest in charge of the Roman Catholic church of St. Mary's, Chiselhurst, was presented by his flock with an illuminated address and a purse of money. Among the congratulations which he received were those of the ex-Empress Eugénie, conveyed in a touching letter, in which she made grateful reference to his sympathy with her and hers during their stay at Chiselhurst. "In that church of St. Mary's," the widowed and childless mother writes, "where in other days we all three went to pray, there are now two tombs."



THE TURF.—The weather continued as pleasant as could be desired up to the end of the Epsom Meeting last week, a fact all the more appreciated when followed by the continuous downpour of the Saturday. The feature of the Thursday's racing was the Epsom Grand Prize for three-year-olds, though it only produced half-a-dozen runners, including Sheraton, one of the Derby runners, and Bird of Freedom, the winner of the City and Suburban. The odds of 4 to 1 were laid on the latter, who won easily enough. Had this colt been in the Derby, it is more than likely he would have finished it the first three. Contrary to expectation, there were not so many runners for the Oaks on the Friday as for the Derby, ten fillies only facing the starter. Lord Cadogan's Lonely was made first favourite at a short price, and secured an easy victory over St. Helena and Cippolina, the two other placed animals. Archer was in the saddle, and thus added to his Derby honours. It is said that the famous jockey some time ago accepted the wager of 4,000*l.* to 100*l.* against his winning the "quadruple" event of winning the Woodcote Stakes, the Derby, the Grand Prize, and the Oaks, which feat he accomplished. Out of his successive mounts during the four days of the meeting, he won twelve. It was somewhat strange that Hermit, as a sire, was not represented in the Derby; but four of his progeny ran in the Oaks, two of them finishing first and second. The settling on Epsom is said to have passed off satisfactorily.—The racing this week at Windsor, Doncaster, and elsewhere has been uneventful; but it may be noted that King Monmouth, reputedly one of the best three-year-olds, though unfortunately not entered for the "classic" races, ran in the Spring Handicap at Doncaster, finishing second to Botschafter I., who though a five-year-old only gave him 5*lb.*, and is evidently a pretty good animal just now, as on the following day he carried his 10*lb.* penalty to victory in the Chesterfield Handicap, giving a stone and a year to Brocken, who ran second.—Next week Ascot Heath will be the great tryst, and it seems that a large number of horses are being held in reserve for the meeting, among whom it is said are St. Simon and St. Gatien. At Ascot Lord Marcus Beresford, who has been appointed starter to the Jockey Club, will enter on his duties.—The French "Grand National" Steeplechase was run at the Auteuil Meeting on Sunday last, when several English horses were among the eighteen starters. Our own Grand National winner, Roquefort, was made first favourite at about 3 to 1 against him, but he extinguished his chance by running out of the course when looking formidable, an example afterwards followed by Doneycarney and Kilworth. The result of the race was that Redpath, the second favourite, who ran well at Liverpool last March, won, with Mon-Premier second, and Chancery third.—The Grand Prize of Paris will be run for on Sunday next, but it is not likely that many English animals will start for it, as it seems taken for granted that Paradox, the second in our Derby, has the race at his mercy. So strong is this feeling that 3 to 1 is freely laid *on him*.—For the St. Leger Melton, the Derby winner, is of course first favourite, and the short

odds of 2 to 1 have been taken about him, but they have expanded a little during the past few days. When one considers the comparatively distant date of the race, and the fate experienced by many summer favourites of late years, it would seem little short of an act of madness to invest money at anything like such a price.

CRICKET.—Inter-County cricket has been pretty active since our last Notes, and has shown, in some instances, rather unexpected results. Middlesex has been beaten by Yorkshire by five wickets; and Derbyshire, by the same county, by an innings and 6 runs.—Middlesex has also been beaten by Surrey by 12 runs, the scoring on both sides being very low.—The Kent and Sussex match at Gravesend resulted in a five wickets' victory for the former, low scoring again in this instance being the order of the day. This defeat of Lancashire by Derbyshire was quite unexpected, especially as the latter only got 54 in the first innings, and Lancashire 215. In their second trial, however, the Derbyshire team put together 318—Cropper scoring 80, and Sugg 81 (not out)—and Lancashire could only respond with 84, mainly owing to Cropper's excellent bowling. Derbyshire thus won by 73 runs. The Universities are hard at work with their "trial" matches. There was big scoring at Oxford in the match against Surrey, which ran up a total of 424 in its first innings. The University scored 284, but had to "follow on." A one innings' defeat, however, was easily averted by 178 runs being obtained for the loss of seven wickets, and the game ended in a draw. For Surrey Mr. Diver made the big innings of 143, and Lohmann scored 86.—Cambridge has suffered a defeat at the hands of Sussex by seven wickets, though the county was eleven runs behind in the first innings. In its second it scored 133 for the loss of only three wickets, Mr. F. M. Lucas making 76 (not out).—The question of "Unfair Bowling" has been re-opened far and wide by the letter of Lord Harris to the Committee of the Lancashire County Cricket Club. The great difficulty is in defining what constitutes a "throw," and even if this were settled in words there would be the further difficulty of getting umpires to act.

ATHLETICS.—At Lillie Bridge Hutchens, the professional, has succeeded in beating the 140 yards' record, which, up to Monday last, stood at 14 seconds. In the first trial against the wind he exactly equalled the record, but in his second, with the wind, he did the distance in 13½ seconds, with the ground wet and heavy.—At the Civil Service sports, on Saturday last, L. E. Myers won the Open Quarter-Mile in 48.4-5 sec., the best record ever made on a level track in this country.

POLO.—At Hurlingham the Military and Civilians have antagonised; and after a splendid struggle the match ended in a draw, each side having scored five goals.

A CENTENARIAN OF 106 is now living at Heathfield, Sussex. The old villager was born at Heathfield, and is strong enough to sit about his garden, while he can still enjoy a chat, though, as with most very old people, he remembers the events of his youth better than those of recent times. Years ago some charitable person provided that old Bodle Holmes should receive weekly a clay pipe and an allowance of tobacco, and neither smoking nor beer have injured his health.

THE CHARTERHOUSE PLAY.—Mr. E. Walford, the editor of the *Antiquarian Magazine*, has reprinted at his own cost fifty copies of the old Charter House Play, which has been handed down among the boys of that school in manuscript from the days of Thackeray and Leech, along with the Legend of Charter House and other schoolboy folk-lore in verse. The play is not for publication; but may be had by Old Carthusians on application to Mr. Walford at 2, Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.

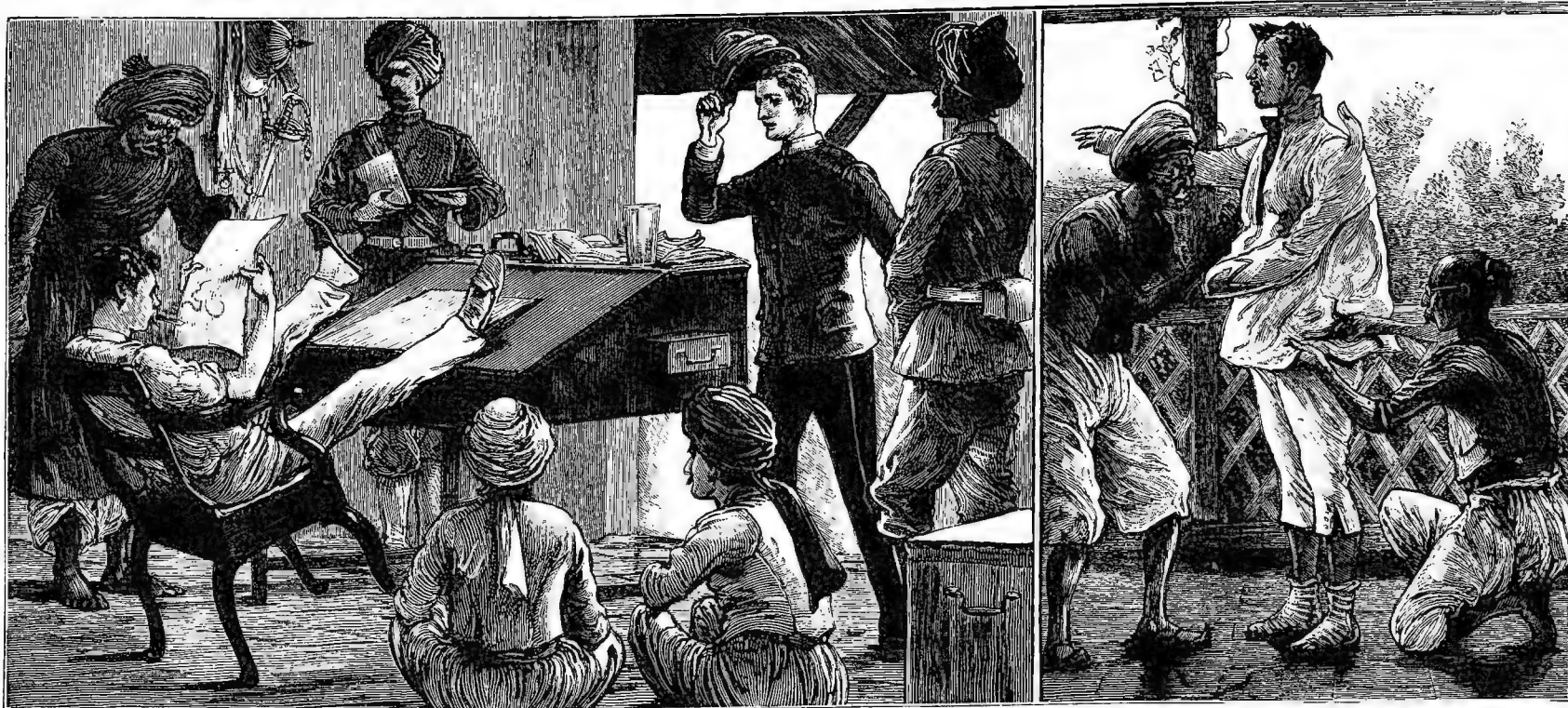
2. **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** is once more pleaded for by many charitable societies. Thus the East London Mission, 263, Cable Street, Shadwell, beg for help to take 600 poor little ones to Epping Forest, contributions to be sent to Mr. G. Hopkins, Superintendent, at the above address, while the Tower Street Mission School, Seven Dials, sets forth the same petition, having by public help taken 883 children to the Forest last year. Here donations are to be sent to the Hon. Sec., W. H. Frohlich, Esq., 10, Sackville Street, W.

A FINE-ART EXHIBITION for the especial benefit of the Working Classes has been opened at the Free Library, New Road, South Lambeth, including a small collection of paintings, photographs, and sculpture, which has been permanently added to the library. This institution was removed from Kennington to South Lambeth last autumn, and is greatly appreciated by the South Londoners, who will now further be able to enjoy the Fine-Art Collection on Sundays and week-days alike until August. Turning from South to East London recreations, the Committee of the late interesting East London Industrial Exhibition gave away 47 silver and 71 bronze medals, and money prizes amounting to 136*l.* 15*s.*

THE NIAGARA PUBLIC PARK, consisting of the approaches to the Falls on the American side, which have at last become national property, will be formally opened on July 15th by President Cleveland. It is specially noticeable of late years how the cañon of the Niagara River is gradually widening. The wear of the Falls and the effect of frost and the atmosphere constantly loosens huge boulders, which are ground into dust by the currents, and carried away to form huge shoals—The Brickbats—at the mouth of the river, some distance in Lake Ontario. This refuse would completely dam up the river's mouth were it not for the rapidity of the Niagara current, which ranges from ten miles an hour to two miles a minute. The Falls, too, slowly recede year by year, while the bottom of the river is being gradually worn away, so that in time it will lie far below the level of Lake Ontario.

A MEETING of the members and friends of a Society called the "Odd Volumes" was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Friday, the 5th inst., under the presidency of Mr. J. R. Brown, when Mr. Bernard Quaritch, whose experience among old books and old manuscripts is quite unique, gave an informal address, explanatory of many rare and valuable manuscripts and early printed books, which were exhibited from his collection. The manuscripts included specimens of Carolinian paleography, French art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and Italian, Flemish, and English of the fifteenth century. The oldest printed book was "The Fust and Schöffers Psalter," printed in Germany in 1459, and of the estimated value of 5,000 guineas. There was a fine collection of Caxtons, including a beautiful copy of "Godefrey of Boloyne," printed at Westminster, 1481. The lecture was followed by music, vocal and instrumental.

THE NOW FAMOUS COLONY of Angra Pequena is described as a somewhat uninviting region by a correspondent of the *Colonies and India*. He states that "on entering the station only German stores and houses are to be seen, including that of Herr Lüderitz, the founder of the colony. In the harbour are three islands—Seal, Penguin, and Shark—the two first being British possessions, and annexed to Cape Colony, while Shark belongs to the Germans. One small cannon has been mounted for the defence of Angra Pequena, and it was said that there were some fortifications, but none were seen. A hard road has been constructed from the beach, but beyond some such work as this the place can never be made different from what it is now, not even by Teutonic industry. Vegetable or grain cultivation is unknown, for the simple reason that there is no soil to cultivate anything in. Indeed, the only redeeming feature Angra Pequena appears to possess is that it has a little more variety of outline than is observable elsewhere along the coast, and that is not saying much in its favour."



AN INTERVIEW WITH THE ADJUTANT

IN THE HANDS OF THE NATIVE TAILOR

A STAFF CORPS PROBATIONER'S EXPERIENCES IN INDIA

THESE engravings, which are from sketches by a military officer, are illustrative of incidents in the career of a "probationer" for the Indian Staff Corps. Officers are appointed to the Staff Corps from British regiments, and are "on probation" for a year with a native regiment, during which time they are required to pass the Higher Standard Examination in Hindostani, and also an examination in the system of pay, pension, interior economy, and drill, as existing in the Native Army. They must also obtain a certificate showing that they are able to ride.

The hero of this series of sketches is supposed to have come out to India from a British regiment at home. The first sketch shows the "probationer," who is a thorough

"griffin," on his arrival at Dustypore. He hastens to report himself at Regimental Headquarters, and is rather surprised to find the Adjutant so very much at home, with his legs on the sloping desk, and no upper garments except a shirt. In the next sketch we see him in the hands of Buggoo, the bazaar tailor, who soon turns him out in the regulation "Khaki." In the fourth tableau he is engaged in the purchase of a charger at the Arab stables in Bombay. But his new purchase (as the next sketch shows), probably also a new arrival in India, and fresh from the desert, takes charge of his master on parade, and nearly succeeds in upsetting the equilibrium of the commanding officer.

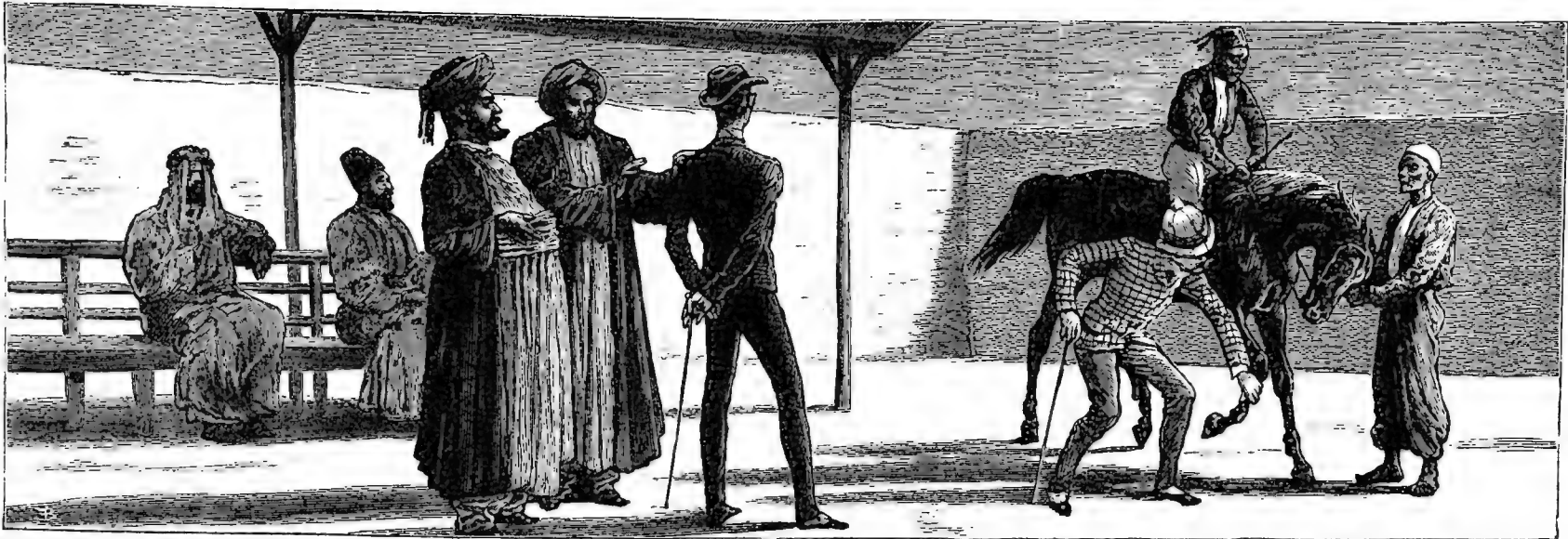
It is often difficult, as the third sketch shows, for the unfortunate "probationer" to read Hindostani with his Munshi with the regularity which the Higher Standard Examination imperatively requires. All the loafers in the

Station have an aggravating habit of dropping in somehow just at the time of his hour's lesson, when, of course, the Munshi's attention is distracted, and work is out of the question.

The "Talim Khana," *anglicè* exercise ground, is an institution in every Native Infantry Regiment, and gymnastics, native sword play, &c., are taught in it. There is generally an open-air assault of arms about once a month, and the officers and their friends attend. The "Sahib log," or "gentle-folk," sit on a dais, the native officers on chairs all around, and the Sepoys squat or stand round in a large circle. The game represented in this sketch is called "Gat-ka-furri." It is a kind of single-stick. The men go through an enormous amount of evolutions with their shields and sticks, circling round each other, &c., &c., before they engage.



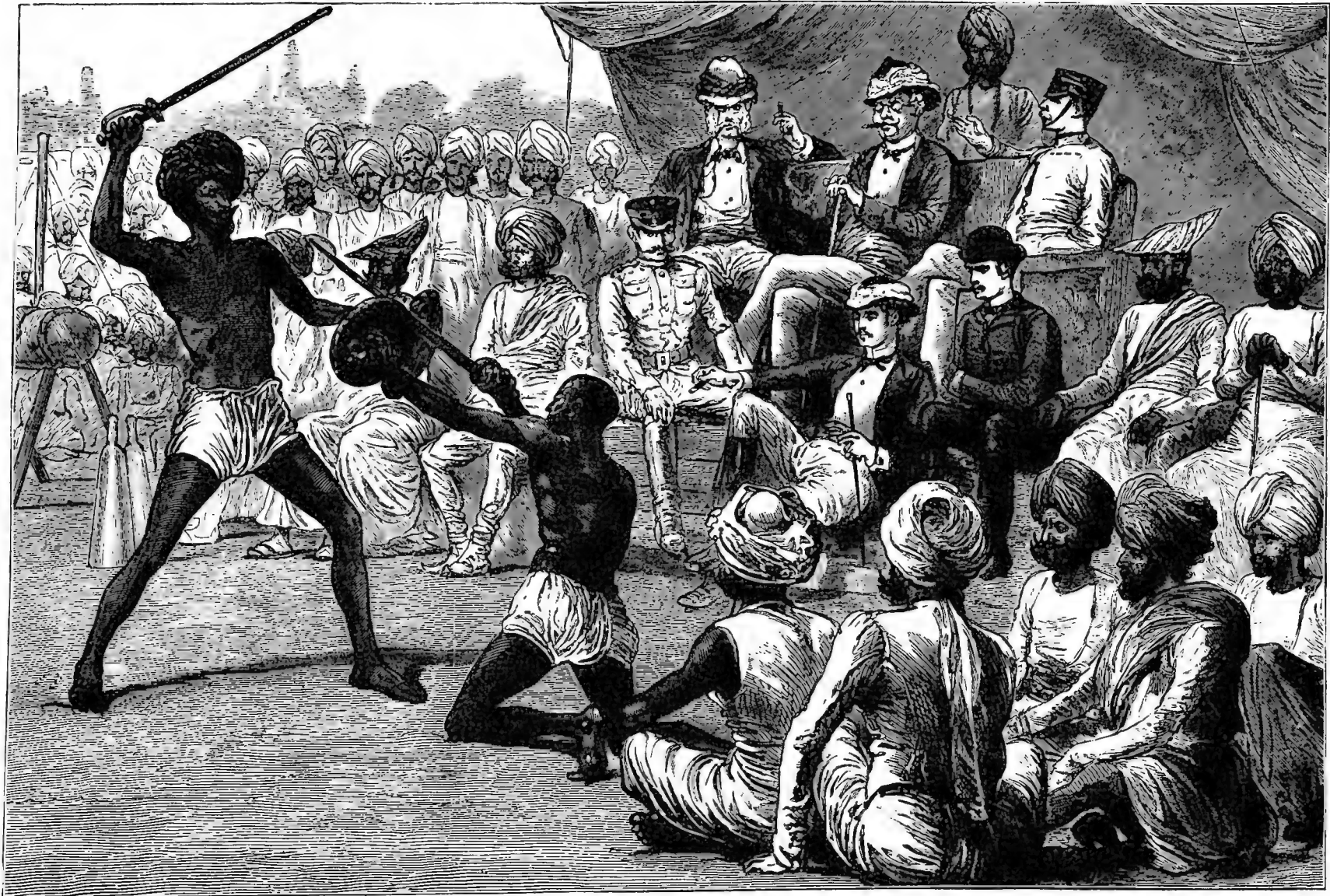
INTERRUPTED STUDIES



BUYING AN ARAB STEED



CHARGING THE COLONEL ON PARADE



AN ASSAULT OF ARMS

INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF A PROBATIONER FOR THE INDIAN STAFF CORPS, II.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE third series of "Poems," by Jean Ingelow (Longmans), is a welcome present from an old friend, even if its contents do not altogether outshine this clever lady's former efforts. We hope the author is not cultivating eccentricity of treatment, but there is apparent here in places a too-great tendency to peculiarity of style such as the omission of words necessary to the complete sense—apparently in the interest of rhythmical exactness, but surely the system is faulty,—and inversions where none was required, e.g. at pages 5 and 104, "not alone our sake," and "that I so went"—in both of which cases the natural order of the words would have been metrically better. Having said thus, little remains but praise for a very pleasant volume. The opening poem, "Rosamund," is a well-told story, in good blank verse, of the Armada, and its consequences to one particular household, which suggests, though with a difference, an episode in Kingsley's "Westward Ho." These strike us as telling lines, put into the mouth of the desolate father:

Look you now, a nation hath no heaven,
A nation's life and work and wickedness
And punishment—for otherwise, I say
A nation's life and goodness and reward
Are here.

"Echo and the Ferry" is a charming little idyll of child-life in the country, and there is another good child-like touch in "If I Forget Thee," where the small heroine watches the passers-by in the lamp-lit town, and envies even the beggars for being out of doors so late. For a weird romance, most happily told, take "The Sleep of Sigismund," the dreams and the waking alternate in musical fashion, and the half regret of king and queen at leaving their farm to return to the palace is quaint as it is true to nature. "The Maid-Martyr," good as a poem, yet puzzles us, because, unless we are to suppose the interview with Delia to be the record of a dream—which does not appear—there is an incoherence in the tale; it seems to have been her actual death which previously drove her lover frantic. A good story of faithful love is "The Bell Bird," but we do not think occasional alexandrines are an improvement to the *ottava rima*. The lesser poems are all worthy of attention, but the songs in "Preludes to a Penny Reading" are not what one expected from the author.

A very suitable little pamphlet for teachers of the young is Mr. J. S. Laurie's "Children's First Verse Book" (Simpkin). The pieces, whether original or old favourites, are well selected, and of a kind calculated to appeal to the youthful intelligence; fun is sensibly made to predominate in the choice.

George Roberts Hedley, the author of "Ballads, and Other Poems" (Walter Scott), evidently addresses in the first place a local audience, by whom his topical allusions will be more readily understood than by the public at large. There is but little room for praise so far as poetical merit is concerned, and Mr. Hedley's views as to the nature of satire are original—his diatribes bear much the same relation to the genuine article that a bludgeon does to a rapier; some lines addressed to a woman begin "O fætid remnant of a scraggy hag!" "Wandering Willie," however, has an element of pathos, and there is some spirit in the Bacchanalian song at p. 25.

"The Lady of the Tower," a lyrical romance in six cantos, by Edward Crossdale (Elliot Stock) is a slight but gracefully-told story of true love surmounting all difficulties, told in fairly good Spenserian verse. Many will follow with pleasure the career of the Minstrel Knight, and rejoice when his scornful mistress comes, in more ways than one, to her senses.

There is not much room either for praise or blame in "Verus: a Roman Story" by Benjamin Gott Kinnear (Elliot Stock); it is a tale of the martyrdom of two lovers, possibly founded on some legend of the Church, told in rather prosaic blank verse. The author has much to learn technically, and his story has the drawback of being extremely dull.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a handsome little pamphlet "In Memoriam: Epitaphs on C. G. Gordon" (William Rice). The pieces, English, Latin, and Greek, are selected by the Editor of the *Journal of Education* from a number sent in to that paper, in competition for a prize of five guineas.

A valuable addition to classical literature is "Sappho, Memoir, Text, Selected Renderings, and a Literal Translation," by Henry Thornton Wharton, M.A. Oxon (David Stutt). The work cannot but prove interesting, both to scholars and to those whose ignorance of Greek debars them from a study of the Lesbian's fragmentary works in the original. We would draw special attention to the memoir, which constitutes, in fact, a rehabilitation of the much reviled poet. The volume has for a frontispiece a reproduction of the head of Sappho from Mr. Alma-Tadema's picture, with which a recent issue of this paper will have made its readers familiar.

From Messrs. Remington the sixth volume reaches us of "In the Watches of the Night" by Mrs. Horace Dobell. It opens with a series of diatribes against some of her provincial critics—one of whom, at least, appears to have talked sad nonsense; the more important portion of the little volume, "The Voice of Dame Oracle," is mainly directed against pseudo-religionists; we sympathise heartily with the author, only, was it worth the trouble? Mrs. Dobell has considerable power of versifying, but when will ladies learn that italics rather diminish than add to the force of their writing?

The newest volume of "The Canterbury Poets" series (Walter Scott) contains "The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier (Selected)" with a prefatory notice, biographical and critical, by Eva Hope. Mrs. Hope is too thorough a partisan for much real criticism to appear in her article; but many will be glad to meet with old favourites such as "Snow-bound," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," or "Maud Muller."

We have also, from the *Court Circular* office, "The Modern Macbeth" by H. Savile Clarke, a collection of rather smart verses chiefly against the Gladstone Government. Amongst the other pieces, about the best are "The Cry of the Hebrew" and "Madeline, M.P."



ON THE RECOMMENDATION OF MR. GLADSTONE, the Queen has added the name of the Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, to the list of Privy Councillors.

LAST WEEK THE COURT OF APPEAL heard the appeal of Mr. Adams against the decision of Mr. Justice Manisty, who, in spite of the verdict of the jury in favour of the plaintiff, entered judgment for the defendant, the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, in the action for libel, "Adams v. Coleridge," frequently referred to previously in this column. Mr. Adams appeared in person, and the Attorney-General for Mr. Coleridge. The Court of Appeal was to have given judgment on Monday in this week; but it was deferred, on the application of the Attorney-General, with Mr. Adams's consent. On Tuesday the Attorney-General informed the Court that an arrangement had been come to, which involved the withdrawal, not only of Mr. Adams's appeal against Mr. Justice Manisty's judgment and of Mr. Coleridge's cross-appeal against the verdict of the jury, but, more important still, that of Mr. Adams's threatened action for libel against Lord Chief Justice Coleridge himself. By the terms of

the settlement, an arbitrator is to decide whether compensation, and, if so, what amount, should be paid to Mr. Adams. Both Lord Coleridge and his son withdrew any charges made against Mr. Adams in the letters which formed the subject of his actions against them for libel, and Lord Coleridge agrees to settle 600*l.* a year on Miss Coleridge. Mr. Adams expressed in Court his thanks for the kindness which the Attorney-General had shown, and the trouble he had taken in bringing the differences to so satisfactory a termination.

MR. BARON POLLOCK delivered judgment in a case involving a novel point of Life Assurance law. In December, 1883, a Mr. Canning made a proposal to the Sun Life Assurance Company to have his life insured for 2,000*l.* The proposal was made through a Mr. Walters, who was not only one of the agents of the Company but was to become Mr. Canning's brother-in-law. Mr. Canning's proposal was accepted by the Company on December 14, with the usual proviso that the assurance was not to take effect until the first premium was paid, for which a month's delay was allowed, and it was agreed between Mr. Walters and Mr. Canning that the former should pay the premium. This Mr. Walters put off doing until the 14th of January, 1884, nine days after Mr. Canning had met with a serious accident, of which he died some ten days afterwards. When Mr. Walters tendered the premium he very properly informed the Company, as one of its agents, that Mr. Canning had met with that accident, on which the Company refused to accept the premium, and subsequently Mr. Canning's executor brought an action against the Company for breach of contract. Remarkable that no claim like this had ever been made before, Mr. Baron Pollock gave judgment for the defendant Company on the pretty obvious ground that when the premium was tendered the contract between the parties was inchoate and incomplete, and that then the circumstances of the assured had materially altered. The case may convey a monition to life insurers to take care that their first premiums are paid with as little delay as possible after their proposals to assure have been accepted.

A FATHER, summoned by the London School Board for not sending his child to school, said that he gave the money for the school fee to the boy, who spent it. It appeared that on presenting himself at the Board School without the fee he was refused admission. The Hammersmith magistrate animadverted with some severity on the conduct of a "dignified" body like the London School Board in pressing a case like this. Ultimately it was adjourned for the attendance of the juvenile defaulter.

AT THE HEARING OF A PETITION, before Mr. Justice Chitty, for the appointment of new trustees, one of them was objected to on the odd ground that he was in the habit of frequenting race-courses. The judge refused to recognise the validity of the objection, holding that visits to race-courses did not in themselves disqualify for trusteeship.



THE WEATHER lately turned from warm and dry to warm and wet, and though we cannot agree with a daily contemporary which speaks of its "raining dollars," yet this rainfall will prove a great stimulus and aid if followed by bright weather and a good summer allowance of light as well as heat. The wheat plant is growing fast, and should soon have lost the dwarfed appearance which it presented in May. A judicious application of nitrate of soda to the more backward fields would now supply a valuable aid. The appearance of the Lent corn is, on the whole, encouraging. The oats look very level, and have since the end of May shown a measurable growth. The winter beans look like a fine crop, and winter tares are also good, and are now coming in very handy for milch kine. Root crops have braided, and singling is going on in many parts. Some farmers say that the recent rain and heat together have done so much that they look for two tons of hay to the acre. Such an experience, however, is likely to be very exceptional. A late crop and some deficiency in bulk is what the weather of April and May will probably prove to have entailed upon us, be June weather what it may. The turnip beetle has already been seen in great numbers, and weeds have grown fast during the past fortnight. Nevertheless, the farmers' field-outlook is not a gloomy one. In the farmyard cattle are healthy and thriving, and dairy cows yielding milk well, the bite of grass now being nourishing and good.

THE IMPERIAL AVERAGES FOR CORN are now very low again. During the war excitement of April and early May they never rose to any height deserving the name of dearness. But as soon as this cause for activity died away there came a relapse, and wheat now fetches no more than 34*s.* 6*d.* per qr., a really miserable price, at which it cannot be grown profitably even on the best managed farms. Nevertheless, 42,209 qrs. were sent to the statute markets last week, and the total sales for the United Kingdom were probably about 125,000 qrs. Barley has fallen in price to 27*s.* 6*d.*, but the season for this staple is virtually over, and the sales are so small that value is not tested at all adequately. Oats at 22*s.* 3*d.* are cheap, but not so depressed as other staples. The foreign grain received into England is not assessed to any standard whence an Imperial average may be obtained, but the fine white wheat of California and Australia is to be had for 37*s.*, and Indian white wheat for 34*s.* per qr. Red wheat, except American, which is scarce, ranges from 30*s.* to 34*s.* only. Maize is down to 24*s.* for American, and 26*s.* for Russian sorts, while rye, beans, and peas are all offered at very low rates.

SUSSEX AGRICULTURE.—Writing of the County Association for the Improvement of Agriculture, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, M.P., says the work being done is "exactly the work which at the present time seems most needed for British agriculture. The work is set on foot by voluntary co-operation in experiments for bringing what is known as science to the test of local experience and practice. Certain explanations of certain facts may be considered as scientifically established. What is now wanted is to show that these principles can be established on a firm economical basis, and further, it is desirable to discover to what extent these principles have to be modified in their application to different soils and climates." The Bath and West of England agriculturists paid a special visit to the Sussex stations on Thursday last. The subscriptions towards the expense of these stations have not been meagre, but they need supplementing to the extent of about 200*l.*

LORD TOLLEMACHE has suggested a new procedure, or what rather amounts to a return on the lines of old procedure, in the matter of agricultural rent. Instead of a farmer coming upon rent-day with a long face and pleading for abatement, his lordship suggests the introduction of a sliding scale, by means of which the tenant will know whether he may claim, not plead for, a return, and whether, on the other hand, he will have to pay not less, but

more rent. Lord Tollemache says: "I take as my basis the average price of wheat, barley, and oats in the year 1883 (which is 31*s.* 6*d.* per quarter), and I take the full rent of the farm, less the return made by me to the end of the year 1884, for every fall or rise of not less than 2*s.* 6*d.* per quarter. In the average price of these three crops there should be a corresponding fall or rise of 5 per cent. upon the rent of the farm." As a matter of fact, Lord Tollemache's figures, applied to present prices and rents, would give the farmer 5 per cent. abatement on his rent. We think, too, that the proposal has equity for its base, only the method which his lordship suggests for the actual ascertaining of the rent would be, we fancy, a puzzle to some of his most worthy tenants. It rather suggests a dream of the Proportional Representation Society than a proposal to submit to the downright British farmer.

THE ESSEX SHOW at Waltham Abbey proved a great success. "A holiday is its own justification" is the comment of an agricultural journal; but this meeting was something more than a holiday. It showed us what can be done in horse-breeding for agricultural purposes, supplying not only a stimulus to that branch of farmers' occupation, but also showing, in some way at least, *how* success may be obtained. The judging of the cattle classes gave rise, we hear, to some protests and dissatisfaction; but some excellent animals were shown, the shorthorns being especially good. The Channel Islands' cattle were a very keen competition, and the Herefords came out grandly for an East of England meeting. There was a small show of sheep, but the quality was high. A working dairy attracted some attention, and the implements were a numerous and interesting show.

THE WILTSHIRE SHOW has just been held at Trowbridge, but there was not much to be said in favour of the attempt, when 120 horses, 22 sheep, 88 cattle, and 21 pigs, gave a very poor view of the county's agricultural resources. There is great room for "working up" the Wiltshire farmers into exhibitors. The pairs of cart-horses were really fine, and nobody doubts that the big county of Wilts contains plenty of "stuff," if only somebody is clever enough to succeed in bringing it forward. Mr. Moore sent some really magnificent sheep, and the Jersey cattle merit commendation.

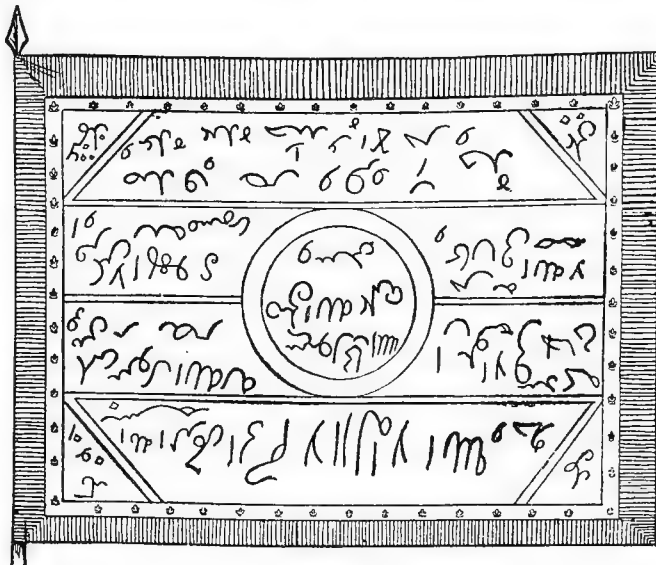
THE BRIGHTON SHOW has been a good deal spoilt by the rain and the bad state of the show-yard. There were, however, grand displays of Channel Islands cattle, and of hunters and hacks. There was a working dairy for the instruction of the local agriculturist, and there was an interesting butter and cheese competition. The total entries of live stock equalled 1,075, being 284 increase from last year. Lord Hampden presided at the annual meeting, which took place on Tuesday in the show-yard.

THE HORSE SHOW at Islington has been attended with a moderate amount of success, and there was a very fair number of entries. There was a close contest for first prize among the heavy-weight hunters, though the general standard of excellence was not high. The light-weight hunters were a very fair show. Some good hacks were also to be seen, and horse lovers in general were well repaid for the trouble of a visit to the North of London. The leaping attracted more than the usual amount of attention, and partisanship among the spectators was very prominent throughout the Show.

THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS are sent out on the 4th of June, and those which have just reached farmers with instructions for filling up have caused much irritation. The Government demand now to know not only how many cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses a farmer keeps, but also how many turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and pigeons. He is further required to say how many he kills, as well as keeps, and also to notify any births of stock upon the farm. No wonder that the agriculturist feels annoyed over all this gratuitous questioning. If there were any prospect of these returns impressing on the Government how great are the agricultural interests of the country, and how much they need protection from foreign competition, were there in fact any possible advantage to be gained by the farmer through filling up these returns, the number and the intricacy of the inquiries would admit of excuse. As it is, the Government will do well to remember that in this matter they can only get reliable returns by making the papers simple. Against a farmer who fills the return in at random there is no remedy, and even absolute neglect to make any return would be a difficult matter for the Government to prosecute on. Much tact and a spirit of conciliation is necessary, as valuable returns will cease to be valuable by reason of doubt attaching to their accuracy and completeness. And we would urge upon farmers to help the Government. The figures when printed are at the disposal of agricultural members of Parliament, of the Central Chamber, and of the Royal Society. Lastly, they enable the Press to tell the whole country the true extent of agricultural interests. If further taxation comes it will be on the land, not on live stock, or farm produce. Filling in the returns, therefore, may do the farmer's interests some good, and *can* do them no harm.

THE MAHDI'S BANNER

OUR illustration is from a sketch by Mr. Frederic John Davis, Second Officer of the hospital ship *Ganges*, of the banner taken by a company of the 49th Regiment, under the command of Captain Lynch, on Sunday, March 22nd, at M'Neill's zeriba. The staff was broken to pieces when it was found, and the banner had eight



bullets through it, and is blood-stained. It has been sent to England for Her Majesty's acceptance. On one side all the divisional lines and the circle are white, the outside rim being in crimson, with a dark-blue edging, the main ground of the flag being blue, with red letters. On the other side the main ground is also of blue, but the letters are in white and the divisional lines and circle in red.

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hand that will answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case any harm. The pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is: "I will wait and see; perhaps I shall be better to-morrow;" whereas had a supply of ENO'S FRUIT SALT been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death?

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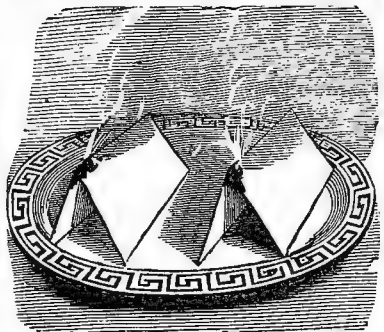
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A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO, AFRICA

In Four Parts—Part I.

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY MR. H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S.

CARAVAN has been toiling on across the hot plains of Lanjora through the sultry afternoon, and now towards evening stops to lay down its many burdens amid the dusty tufts of scorched grass round the base of a great mimosa tree. Only one hour must we rest, for water lies two days behind us and one long day's journey in front, and we intend but to stretch our tired legs on the lumpy soil until the obscurity prevailing after sunset is dispelled by the

uprising of the full moon. Then beneath her cooler rays we shall journey on towards our goal for half the night, and so be spared a longer walk through the heat of to-morrow's sun. To-day has been sultry, and, though the rainy season is over, the western sky is a mass of lurid clouds, which in one part of the horizon are particularly dark and concentrated. I know what causes this, and what object these cloud-masses are jealously concealing like the courtiers and officials who surround the person of some Eastern Emperor; and I, who have journeyed many weary miles to see the greatest snow-capped mountain of Central Africa, impatiently long for some giant broom to clear the sky of those heavy mists and vapours which now hide him from my gaze.

Slowly a globe of yellow-white rises in the East and mounts into the clouds, from whence a softened light descends, and shows the track across the plain winding away like a crooked snake towards the West. With many an impatient sigh and grunt the weary men take up their burdens, and I, no less tired, but compelled to show my porters an encouraging example, stagger on to my blistered feet and limp along in front of the caravan, which, once more on the move, jogs on with little heart till midnight. Then we can no more; so, making fires to keep off the wild beasts, we stop to rest till dawn. With the falling temperature of the small hours, a brisk wind arises from the heated plain and sweeps the clouds from off the sky, all except the mass that obstinately clings to Kilima-njaro. Feverish and over-tired, I cannot sleep, and sit and watch the heavens, waiting for the dawn. A hundred men are snoring around me, and the night is anything but silent, for the hyenas are laughing hideously in the gloom outside our circle of expiring embers. At five o'clock I wake my servant Virapan (a Tamul boy who has accompanied me from Aden), and whilst he is making my matutinal coffee I drop into a doze, from which, at dawn, he rouses me, and points to the horizon, where, in the North-west, a strange sight is to be seen. "Laputa!" I exclaim; and as Virapan, though he has read "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights" in his native tongue, has never heard of "Gulliver's Travels," I proceed to enlighten him as to the famous suspended island of Swift's imagining, and explain my exclamation by pointing to the now visible Kilima-njaro, which, with its two peaks of Kibó and Kimawenzi and the parent mass of mountain, rises high above a level line of cloud, and thus, completely severed in appearance from the earth beneath, resembles so strangely the magnetic island of Laputa.

Weird is Kilima-njaro in the early flush of dawn, with its snowy crater faintly pink against a sky of deep blue-grey, wherein the pale and faded moon is sinking, and the stars are just discernible; but

watch his movements until the foremost man of the caravan comes up, when, taking his Snider from him, I fire it somewhat precipitately at the lion, and, whether from excitement or incorrect aim, miss. The lion, who was crawling through the long grass, turns round, gazes at me, and trots off; while simultaneously a magnificent sable antelope, who had been grazing in close proximity, and whom the lion was evidently stalking, bounds with terrific leaps through the tangled bush, and I am left alone on the scene contemplating my lost chances somewhat blankly. The fact is, in African travel it is not easy to combine the accomplishment of twenty miles,

with me I look at my watch, and find with joy that it is close upon midday, the hour for rest and food, so I gladly give the tired men the order to halt, and whilst my meal is preparing I explore our present surroundings.

For some two days since leaving the mountains of Taïta we have been crossing a waterless tract with poor herbage of dusty brown, or yellow, white, and grey withered trees, and real verdure has been denied us; but now on reaching this point where the lion greeted us a change of an agreeable character comes over the scene. Tall umbrageous trees cast a welcome shade over the short herbage, which is closely cropped like a lawn by the many herds of antelopes. The bushes are vividly green, and some of them bear tufts of bright-coloured flowers. Many birds frequenting the bosky trees attest the proximity of water—we are, indeed, close to a little affluent of Lake Jipé—and the feeling that we are now without threatened thirst adds to the pleasure of our repose, and promises for the future less arduous journeyings. Here, indeed, we are within the influence of Mount Kilima-njaro and the area of perpetual moisture surrounding its cloud-capped snow peaks.

Having rested, and satisfied our imperious appetites, we decide to push on further so as to reach the town of Taveita by to-morrow morning, so we walk on through scenery of increasing verdure, and swarming with animal life, till near sunset, when we build a "boma," or circular fence of thorny boughs, and sleep securely within, without fearing the possible attacks of Masai or other predatory tribes.

The next morning, with the snow peak of Kibó fully in view against a sky of intense blue, we arrive at the precincts of Taveita, and are gladdened by the sight of banana plantations standing out in glistening green against the background of stately forest. For some mile or two before entering this great rendezvous of East-Central African trade the track winds through superb avenues of lofty umbrageous trees, and after many days of journeying in a sun-scorched wilderness the tired eyes of the traveller are here refreshed by the soft green of the exuberant vegetation, while he no longer tramps along a stony road under a blazing sun, but follows a soft leaf-covered path plunged in absolute shade. In the near precincts of this forest settlement every path cut through the dense and impenetrable bush is blocked by a massive barricade of tree trunks, with a narrow, delta-like slit in the centre, through which the men have to crawl and drag their burdens. There is no one to challenge us in this gateway, because the "passport" regulations of Taveita have been greatly relaxed of late years, but a few decades back this elaborate hindrance to free transit was the only protection the wretched Taveitans had against the merciless assaults of the Masai robber bands. By erecting these wooden obstructions across the only feasible approaches to their forest stronghold they checked the impetuous onslaught of the brigands, and were able, moreover, to kill many of the bewildered Masai with their guns before these people could creep round or destroy the barrier. As the Masai never throw their spears, but always use them and all their other arms in hand-to-hand conflict, they are naturally at a disadvantage when opposed to an enemy who has entrenched himself behind a slight fortification and can use his firearms to advantage. More will be said about this when I come to treat particularly of the native races



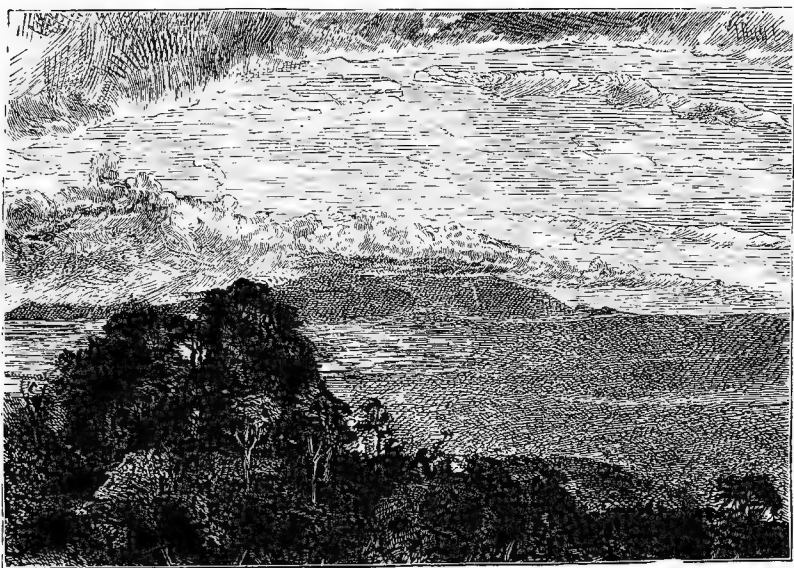
THE LEADER

walked every day on foot, with exploits of the chase. You leave the road just to stalk a group of zebras grazing not more than two hundred yards off, and you think if you can only creep up to that ant-hill and hide behind it, you will get a splendidly easy shot. Well, the ant-hill is reached, but the zebras have moved off a little farther, and now there is a stumpy mimosa tree between you and your aim. However, it is a matter of a few paces to crawl up to it and fire from behind its branches. You reach the tree, and just as you are going to raise your gun you crack a dead twig, and the zebras

move and trot off some distance farther. Now it is too long a shot to risk, but as the game is grazing peacefully and unsuspectingly again, you may just as well creep up a little nearer and then fire. So you go down on all-fours in the grass and crawl along, putting your hands invariably down on cruel thorns or sharp twigs every time they touch the ground; your back aches with the snake-like posture you assume, and when at length you cautiously raise your head above the grass and dare to look frankly before you, you find the zebras have moved on again, and you either crawl after them, infatuated with the love of hunting, or in desperation foolishly fire your gun at a distant speck, and of course miss, when all that remains of the animals you have stalked is a light cloud of red dust hanging in the hot air. And now you become fully conscious of how foolish you have been to leave the caravan. How hot the sun is! And your blistered feet ache as you limp back through the stubbly grass to find the track once more, of course tripping up a dozen

times over unseen stumps and stones, and finally reaching the road to see your caravan represented by a few white specks in the extreme distance, these white specks now hurrying on with aggravating speed, just as if they knew you were limping painfully after them, and wished to pay you out for the many times when, they being tired and halting, you, burdenless and fresh, had remorselessly driven them on. And so with many sensible reasons you vow that nothing shall tempt you from the road again, for, even supposing you killed anything, can you stop the caravan for many hours while the meat is cooked and the skin cured? Of course not, why—and here you interrupt these reflections by exclaiming excitedly to your servant, "Oh, look here; I can't stand this. Give me my gun—sh! don't you see that kudu antelope—there! standing under the shade of the big tree;" and so hurriedly taking aim you fire, and oh! joy, the kudu falls, evidently wounded, but, alas! not to the death, for it is up and off again before your next shot can finish the work, and, like an idiot, you forget your sore feet and fatigue, and go racing after it over stocks and stones till once more you find it is in vain to combine the cares of a marching caravan and the pleasures of the chase.

However, to return from this digression to the scene of the lion and the sable antelope. When the rest of the caravan has come up



A VIEW TOWARDS MACHAME

as the stronger light of perfect day prevails, and the clouds which conceal the base of the mountain disappear, its appearance is disappointing. Owing to an atmospheric illusion Kilima-njaro, which is in reality about forty miles distant, appears to rise from the plain just beyond those distant clumps of trees, and its greater peak of snow, so distinctly crater-like in form, together with the lesser and more jagged Kimawenzi, are as hard and commonplace in look as the cheap Italian water-colour drawings of Vesuvius, charged with "body-colour," and devoid of aerial effect. Kilima-njaro, now, is not imposing, and I soon cease to realise its great height when it looks not much farther off than the farther groups of trees. As the day grows warm it is once more hidden behind layers of clouds, and I march on towards my destination somewhat disappointed.

The country here swarms with game, especially in the neighbourhood of Lake Jipé. Herds of hartebeest (*Alcelaphus tora*), gnu, eland, and buffalo defile before us, while the giddy zebras risk their lives by galloping up to inspect the passing caravan. The air is full of soaring vultures, a sure sign of abundant game, and further, as a corollary to the presence of the large herbivora, we soon detect in the soft soil the footprints of hyenas and lions. Just as we approach a green mass of bushy trees, to my amazement and surprise a large black-maned lion crosses the path not thirty yards off, and what is stranger still, appears to take no notice of our coming. I only have a bird gun with me, and my servant is unarmed, so I stop still to



THE LIEUTENANT

of Kilima-njaro; at present having squeezed through the narrow doorway we are standing in Taveita, whilst the guns of the caravan are announcing to its inhabitants, with many a sonorous boom re-echoing through the forest alleys, that strangers are arriving with peaceable and friendly intentions, and a wish to trade. As I am in the act of crossing a narrow rivulet, by means of the slippery stem of a banana that has been thrown across it, I catch sight of the first natives, who are on their way to inspect our caravan, and when I look up, and they see my white face and strange costume, a glad shout of surprise goes up from their wide mouths, and they push forward to seize and shake me by the hand.

Such an unusual and demonstrative welcome gives me a pleasant impression of Taveita to commence with, and this, I am glad to say, is strengthened as time goes on. Its inhabitants are, however,

not only remarkable for their *bonhomie* and kindly disposition, but present other notable characteristics which are not long in impressing



THE RIVER HABARI

themselves on my observation. Firstly, their hair is generally worn in long strings, where the wool is stiffened with fat and red clay into a number of rats' tails. There are generally one or two incisors knocked out in the upper jaw, the lobes of the ear are enormously distended with wooden cylinders or rings, and lastly, the Wa-taveita, like most of the natives of Inner Eastern Africa (and unlike those of the West), are totally ignorant of what we call decency. I would like to express this more delicately by saying that they were innocent of all clothing, but this would not be the case, as many of the inhabitants wore cloth, or skins, round their shoulders, either for adornment or when the weather was chilly with breezes blowing off the snow-capped mountain.

I feel at home with the Wa-taveita from the first, for they are thoroughly conversant with Swahili, the coast language—the French of Eastern Africa, and as I also know this tongue we have at once a medium of ready communication. So the natives who have come to meet our caravan, and trot along by my side to direct me to the accustomed camping place, chatter as we go, and not only ask for, but impart, information. One of the first questions is "What is your name, White man?" "Johnston." "Jansan?" they shriek, laughingly. "Why you must be Tamsan's (Thomson's) brother." (Mr. Joseph Thomson, on his way to Masai-land, had passed through Taveita, leaving a very pleasant impression behind him. As by an odd coincidence we were both white, and our names, in the natives' pronunciation, only differed in the initial consonant, the evident inference was that, to use the natives' phrase, "We were of one mother.") It would be of so little use trying to disabuse them of this happy and likely idea that I accept tacitly the suggested relationship, and it is soon noised about Taveita that Bwana Tamsan's brother is come, and many of Thomson's old friends flock to greet me.

Our camp is established in one corner of a vast clearing, nearly square in shape, whereon certain Swahili traders, *en route* to Masai-land, have built a temporary and straggling village of palm-thatched huts to accommodate their wives and concubines during their absence in the wilds. As soon as my tent is up, and my goods are properly stored and placed under the supervision of a trusted man, a food allowance is measured out to the hungry porters of the caravan. That is to say, a bale of cloth is unpacked, and each man receives three ells (or "hands," as they are here called) of white American sheeting, which is to purchase him sufficient food for three days. After the distribution of cloth the men disperse for the rest of the day to forage in the Taveita market, and I am free to attend to my own affairs and to receive my new acquaintances. Firstly, however, the tent is closed, and I have a good and much-needed bath, for almost since leaving the coast water has been so precious that we have feared to lavish even a teacup-full on the toilet. But here we have a glorious running river, crystal clear, and cool; and were it not for the inconvenient publicity which a dip in the stream itself would occasion at this moment, I should strongly prefer it to a cramped bath in the hot tent. Nevertheless, a wash of any kind and a complete change of clothes are very refreshing, and when once more my tent door is thrown open to the throng, and I appear before the Elders of Taveita seated on my camp chair, I feel sure my white face is several shades lighter than on my arrival. This little colony of quiet agriculturists, known as Taveita, is unlike the neighbouring States in being a Republic, or Commonwealth, administered rather than ruled by an oligarchy of four or five important men known as the "Wa-zēē," or Elders. There are really two entirely distinct races inhabiting Taveita—the Wa-Kwavi, a tribe of settled Masai who have turned from lawless robbers into honest, thrifty tillers of the soil, and the Wa-taveita proper, a people of Bantu stock, allied in origin to the Wa-Kamba farther North and the Wa-chaga of Kilima-njaro. The Wa-taveita predominate over the Wa-Kwavi in numbers, and the Elders are mostly of the former stock. These functionaries have come to greet me with little gifts and offerings such as they deem most acceptable to me, and, of course, expect an equivalent present on

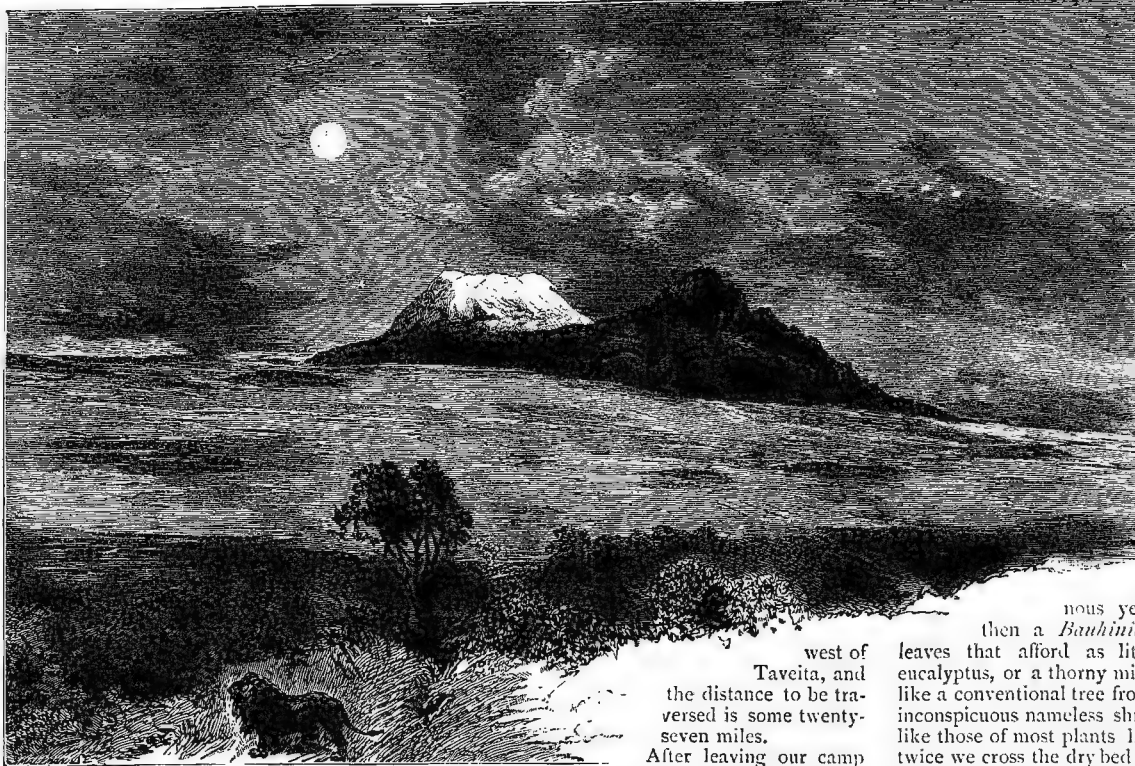
my part. One man has brought a baaing reluctant sheep, and tied it to the tent pegs. Another thrusts into my lap a couple of fowls, strongly fastened together by the legs, but otherwise not disturbed in equanimity, for they peck inquiringly at the buttons of my jacket.



THE STRANGE CREEPER

A third member of the Taveitan Legislative Council points to a basket of corn cobs as his donation, and so on. Each in return receives about twice the value of his free-will offering in cloth and beads, and, I am sorry to say, in accordance with African custom, they at first affect to be dissatisfied with the return-gifts, and try to haggle for an increase, but finding this "try on" of no avail, immediately resign themselves to the inevitable, and march off very contentedly with what they can get. The remainder of the day is utilised by the men in buying food, while I avail myself of the unwonted rest to recruit my strength, and so do nothing in the way of active exertion beyond skinning a few birds.

About half-past 7 A.M. on the morrow we resume our journey towards Kilima-njaro. I am going to establish myself at the Court of Mandara, chief of Moshi, a State on the southern flank of the mountain. Mandara is almost the only man in this country known by report to Europeans on the coast. He has sent letters to, and exchanged presents with, Sir John Kirk, and has seen, perhaps, each of the four or five Europeans who have ever approached Kilima-njaro. The way to his country lies first west then north-



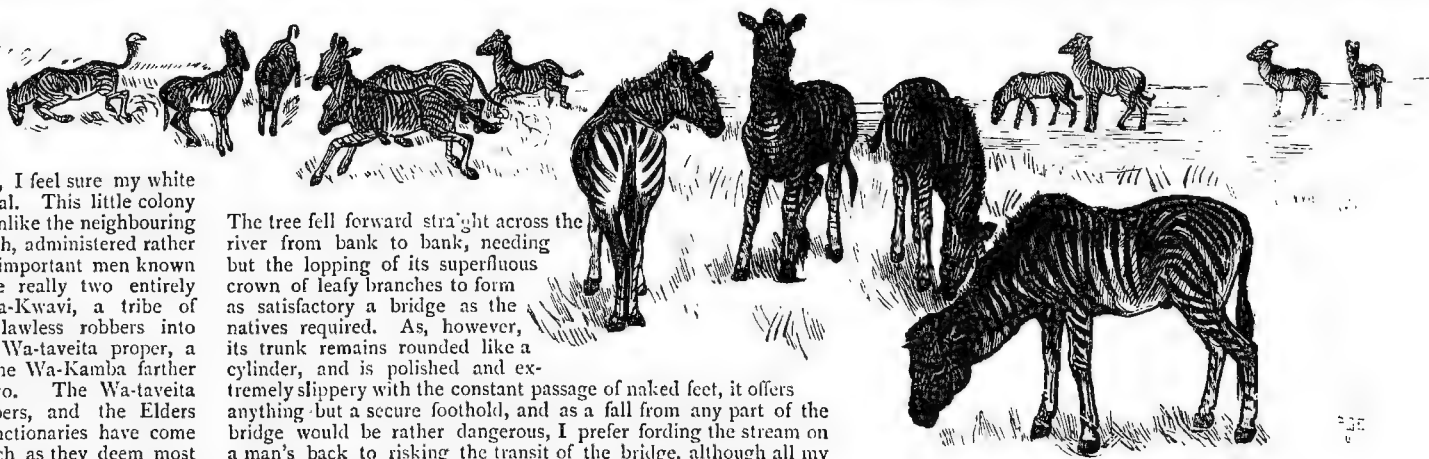
THE FIRST VIEW OF KILIMA-NJARO

Some years ago the Wa-taveita were much inconvenienced by repeated floods, which rendered their river (fed from the snows of Kilima-njaro) dangerous or impossible to ford, and consequently cut off one half of the colony from communication with the other.

The idea of bridging this five-yard-wide rivulet was too difficult for the native mind, so the elders of Taveita contracted with a Swahili trader to do the job. The price was to be a bullock. The trafficker in ivory and slaves was not long in his operations. Selecting one of the finest and straightest trees growing on the summit of the river bank, he set to work with his followers, and with repeated chops severed its trunk near the base.



SABLE ANTELOPE



ZEBRAS

The tree fell forward straight across the river from bank to bank, needing but the lopping of its superfluous crown of leafy branches to form as satisfactory a bridge as the natives required. As, however, its trunk remains rounded like a cylinder, and is polished and extremely slippery with the constant passage of naked feet, it offers anything but a secure foothold, and as a fall from any part of the bridge would be rather dangerous, I prefer fording the stream on a man's back to risking the transit of the bridge, although all my men, with heavy burdens on their heads, cross it without mishap.



THE MKUYUNI STREAM

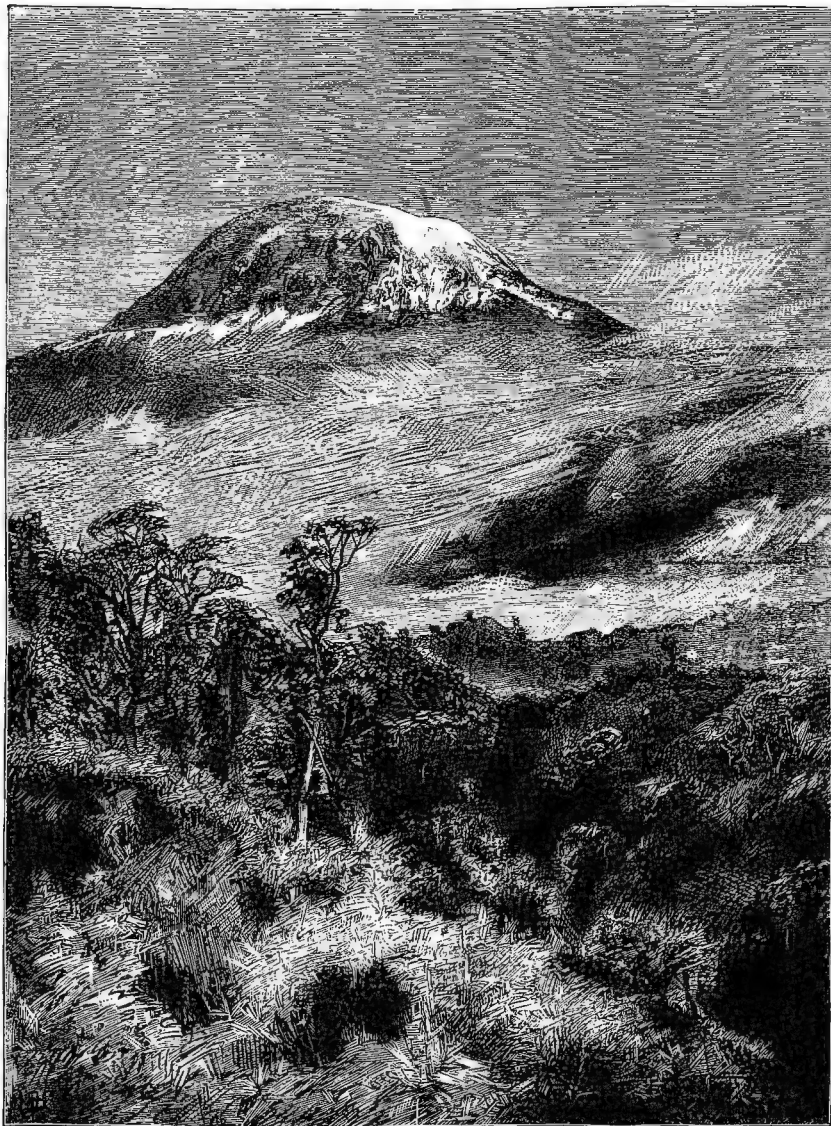
Leaving the river we walk for about two miles through very magnificent forest, where *Raphia* palms reach a great development; next we emerge abruptly on an unattractive wilderness of low thorny shrubs and coarse grass. The land rises gently before us towards the huge mass of Kilima-njaro, which is at present screened with lowering clouds. In the middle distance, are broken chains of jagged hills, interspersed with isolated hillocks and mounds of conical shape, suggesting the idea that when the great discharge of eruptive matter from the two huge volcanoes of Kibo and Kimawenzi was temporarily or permanently checked, the sick earth broke out all over the irritated surface with minor pustules and pimples through which the disturbing matter was discharged, the present aspect of the mountain and its vicinity being the result of the scars and hardened scabs of these now healed-up earth-boils. We walk for some ten miles over an unattractive country devoid of water, and little better than desert. The hills are sparsely overgrown with sad, grey-looking trees, almost leafless or else sprinkled with scanty foliage of an olive-green. In the rolling plains at their base there is little to break the monotonous yellow of the withered grass. Now and then a *Bauhinia* shrub or stunted tree, with its bird leaves that afford as little shade as the poor foliage of the eucalyptus, or a thorny mimosa with flattened crown and red trunk, like a conventional tree from a child's box of toys; or, lastly, a few inconspicuous nameless shrubs, with leaves of a shiny grey colour, like those of most plants living in semi-desert countries. Once or twice we cross the dry bed of a torrent and find therein a more varied but scarcely more pleasing vegetation. Rampant euphorbias, with fleshy, snake-like, coiling stems armed with horrid spikes, trail themselves triumphantly over unresisting shrubs; acacias, which from sheer viciousness have almost done without leaves to bestow all their productive powers on the development of terribly efficacious thorns, throw out their cruel grappling-hooks over the path and rip up our faces, hands, or clothing as we pass. Other plants of the lily tribe (debased and wicked members of a beautiful family) grow like swords stuck in the ground point upwards, and woe betide any careless person who puts his hand on the apex of their rigid, blade-like leaves—their rapier-points would pierce his palm as readily as a sword of steel. But as we have crossed a ridge stretching out into the plain, and our path, from sloping upwards, descends a little on the other side, this fantastic vegetation, befitting the precincts of some horrid medieval monster's lair, modifies its repulsive character, and becomes intermixed with shrubs and grass of vivid green, while to our joy we desecrate some half a mile ahead a belt of dense purple-green foliage, which in these African wildernesses always denotes the presence of water. In fact, a few minutes' walk takes us from the dull white glare of the hazy noon-tide in the open, shadeless waste into a cool, delicious bower of deep green shade, where at first, so great is the contrast, we blink our eyes and can see no details. Then I make out a clear limpid stream slipping along over small stones, or forming still, quiet, mirror-like pools between grey walls of smooth, massive tree trunks, which

resemble stone in their colour and polish. Often the severity of these broad wooden bulwarks will be tempered with rich masses of foliage depending from the smaller boughs above, and breaking up with graceful and fanciful detail the somewhat formal outlines of the vista. The tree trunks that border the stream are many of them singularly broad in girth. In one or two cases they are grappled with by parasitic figs that wind themselves round their stout victim like vegetable boa-constrictors, or, as in the example illustrated, like some huge, long-bodied lizard. In the shade of this green tunnel, where the little river—which the Swahili traders call the Mto wa Habari, or "River of News"—bores its way through the forest belt, we cast down our burdens and prepare to rest and eat our midday meal. After the white glare of the shadeless open country this sweet and cool retreat beneath a dense over-arching canopy of foliage is inexpressibly soothing after our weary walk from Taveita. The men go off to the other side of the stream, and are lost to sight in the woodland, I only know of their presence by the occasional murmur of voices coming from their camp, and by the blue curling smoke of their cooking fires, which ascends in gentle puffs through the network of leafy boughs. My portable table and camp-chair have been unfastened, and the former is set up on a level patch of sward by the waterside, and is quickly covered with a snowy cloth from the canteen, while my servant further lays it with the enamelled iron plates and knife and fork and napkin for my solitary meal. To pass the time and forget my impatient hunger whilst the repast is being prepared, I sit down on my camp-stool and make the rough sketch of the stream which is presented opposite: but my artistic labours are gladly laid aside at the announcement that lunch is ready, and I sit down with keen satisfaction to my tempting table, which has been further brightened by a little bouquet of wild flowers gathered and arranged by Virapan. What do you think I eat? Well now, I will just take the trouble to describe this one meal, so that you may better realise how I ordinarily fare in Africa while on the road. Here is a plate of fowl soup to begin with, nicely flavoured with onions, thickened with a little maize-flour and rice. Two thin slices of toast lie beside it, made from some loaves my cook baked while we rested at Taveita. After the soup is finished comes a little good curry made from the soup meat, and flavoured with cocoa-nut milk (for we have carried a sack of cocoa-nuts from the coast). Then, when the curry is eaten, a fresh plate is brought me, and a dear old battered calabash about half-full of delicious honey, which tastes like the smell of mimosa blossoms; and after eating some of this spread on a slice of Taveitan bread (which deserves its recipe in brackets: 2 lbs. of maize-flour, half-a-cup of palm wine, a quarter of an ostrich egg, a pinch of salt, and a spoonful of butter), I wind up my lunch with a cup of fragrant tea, and sit over an old book, while my men pack up the impedimenta once more, and start again on the road towards Moshi.

The afternoon is sultry, and we feel so meritorious in having accomplished our ten miles before lunch, that there is a general disposition to take things easily; besides which, our path takes us through much more pleasing country than in the morning. We cross a bigish stream (which rises near the summit of Kilima-njaro, and is called the Kilema River), then a smaller one, and at last, near our preordained camping place for the night—a charming "almost-island" (this term sounds more expressive than peninsula), nearly surrounded by the little Mkuyuni River. You can hardly imagine a more romantically beautiful spot than this in which I camp. It is only approachable at one point—where a huge tree trunk spans the tiny gulf between the bank and the island, and forms a bridge over which to pass to and fro. It is this fallen tree which has made our camping place a peninsula, for in lying across the stream its lower branches acted as a kind of dam by stopping all the stones, earth, and refuse washed down by the rivulet, and so forming in time a firm barrier that sent all the water careering round the other side of the island. In the centre of this pretty peninsula rises a gigantic sycamore fig tree (which among the Swahili traders gives its name to this stream—*Mkuyuni*—a sycamore; *Mkuyuni*—the place by the sycamore)—and under the vast canopy of its mighty branches the whole caravan encamps, feeling tolerably protected from the weather by the leafy thatch o'er head. Lions roar at us all night long from across the water, but we sleep securely. Soon after dawn I am aroused from a labyrinth of dreams, and have to dress hurriedly while my tent is pulled down and packed up, and my coffee is being prepared. By seven we are on the road once more, following in the spoor of the lions who visited us last night. Their foot-marks continue along the path for several miles before they are lost in the bush. I have already observed in Africa how much wild animals avail themselves of the natives' paths as convenient highways along which to pass, whether seeking water or foraging for food.

The path now divides into two tracks, one going still due west and keeping to the plains, the other turning round towards the southern flank of Kilima-njaro, and mounting upwards. Here, at this junction, we encounter some rather disreputable Wa-swahili, shabbily clothed (it is the wearing clothes, by-the-by, which enables one in this country to distinguish between the Wa-swahili, or natives of the coast, and the people of the interior), and armed with Snider guns. They are courtiers of Mandara's, sent thoughtfully by that chief to meet us, and see we don't take the wrong road. Their greeting, however, is too familiar and impudent, to my taste, and I begin to have a lurking presentiment that these scampish parasites of the chief of Moshi may prove inimical to my mission; for, in the interior here, white men are looked upon by the coast-traders as spies on the slave trade, and though outwardly fawned on and flattered from fear, yet are secretly thwarted and hindered in every possible way, especially as regards the native chiefs, whom the Um-swahili are desirous of alienating from enlightenment. However, keeping these reflections to myself, I toil along the ascending path, and after an hour's stiff pull, catch a glimpse of an enchanting land. Hitherto our track has led through thick bush, with every view of the surrounding country shut out. Now we have entered a clearing, near to cultivation, and nothing impedes our view. Northwards the vast mass of the mountain stretches upwards into the heavens, its twin peaks shrouded in heavy cumulus clouds, and below the clouds, the billowy swell of hill upon hill and ridge succeeding ridge is a deep sullen blue under the heavy shadow of towering cumuli. Then come a few lines of dark purple-green forest, still in shade, and, in the middle distance, where the sunlight breaks upon the scene, the gentle, rounded hills gleam out against the sombre background with their groves of emerald green bananas marking the commencement of the cultivated zone. Nearer to us succeed deep ravines, with thread-like cascades, clumps of tidy forest—just a few tall trees left growing out of religious veneration—smooth, sunny downs, whereon flocks of goats are grazing, patches of freshly-tilled soil, cultivated fields, hedge-lined lanes,

and lastly, the red denuded hill, the No-man's land, the Pisgah, on which we are standing to gaze on this Promised Land, towards which for thirteen days we have been toiling through the wilderness. There is, however, no pre-ordained restriction to my entering it, nor is my lieutenant qualified to play the part of Joshua, so I, who



KIBO IN THE EARLY MORNING

have been pausing here to let all my followers come up with me and regain their breath, once more take up my staff and march into Mandara's country. We descend one hill, cross a stream, and mount another, following a slippery red-clay path, which leads us over a village green into the collection of bee-hive huts and gardens which forms Mandara's capital.

Some soldiers, decorated with white and black monkey skins, and armed with tremendous broad-bladed spears, come forward to greet us, and indicate a cleared space of ground whereon we may encamp. Mandara does not make his appearance until the tent is up, and everything in order. When I hear that he has arrived I go forth a little way to meet him, and see standing in front of a semicircle of warriors a man of tall commanding figure clothed in a garment looking like a long and very dirty nightgown. I see at once by his face that it is Mandara, as his mien is so singularly king-like, and differs so strikingly from the mean physiognomies around. His face is oval and full, with somewhat aquiline nose, wide mouth, perfect teeth, and thin lips, a firm, well-modelled chin, prominent cheek bones, and one eye of wonderful fire and brilliance, the other optic being steeped in darkness. His eyebrows are contracted in half amused wonderment, and he regards me in rather a critical quizzical manner. However, I favourably impress him during our first interview. The letters from Sir John Kirk to the chief are duly read and presented, and I then retire to rest in my camp. We are here about 3,500 feet in altitude, relatively at the foot of the mountain, but yet with splendid views over the plains, which lie fifteen hundred feet below. All around are signs of agriculture of a high order, and though the people are naked, one can see they are anything but savages. There is nowhere a congeries of houses that can be called a town, but the whole country, where it is cultivated, is equally inhabited. Here and there the yellow thatch of a bee-hive hut peeps out from the green fronds of the banana groves. The fields are intersected with numerous runnels of water, diverted at different levels from the parent streams in the ravines above. The air is musical with the murmur of trickling rivulets and tinkling bells, for the flocks and herds are now being driven in from the pastures to the natives' compounds, to be shut up for the night. Wherever the ground is not in cultivation it is covered with brilliantly-coloured wild flowers—balsams, hibiscus, dissotis, green and white ground orchids, scarlet aloes, and numberless species whose names I know not, and from all these the bees are taking toll.

The mild-eyed kine driven from the pastures suggest supplies of milk; the throng of bees about the blossoms imply that honey is also to be had. On the branches of all the big trees hereabouts are hung oblong cases—boxes—made of bark, in which these half-domesticated bees construct their hives and store their honey.

These "Honey-boxes," called by the natives "Mizinga," which word is also applied to cannons on the coast, are familiar objects in East Africa, and may generally be met within the vicinity of villages.

On the day after our arrival Mandara sends me guides to point out the site of land on which I am to settle and build my first station. It lies about two miles to the north-east of the chief's residence on the brow of a fine hill nearly 5,000 feet high, but of course not much elevated above the surrounding country. On either side lies a deep ravine with a stream flowing through each; but at the back the hill, which is only one of the many spurs of the mountain side, joins the parent mass, and may thus be easily approached without much climbing. It would be a splendid site for a city! On the summit of this elongated hill—*colline*, or "little neck," is a French word which describes it well—is a nearly level and broad plateau, three sides of which descend almost precipitously into the valleys below. With a very little work it might be made unapproachable save from the north, where it joins on to higher ground. Along one side and then across and down the other side flows a tiny artificial canal of clear water brought from a tumbling stream higher up the mountain, and carried along this hill from above in a very gently descending channel. Thus you have water at your very door, and need not seek it in the ravine a thousand feet below. It seems so strange and quaint to find a placid brooklet flowing along high ground up in the clouds and at the edge of a precipice. All this is due to the patient industry of the Wa-chaga of Kilima-njaro, who prefer to live on the tops of hills for safety, and therefore carry their water in artificial channels from the heights above, and make it flow the whole length of these inhabited spurs, while the parent streams go dashing down the valleys, descending in cascades of seventy and a hundred feet, till they flow far, far below the placid canals which water the hill crests stretching out into the plains. Sometimes, as in the sketch here given, the mountain stream will be dammed up at certain points along its course, and the water raised to the requisite level for filling the hill canals. The dam is usually made of a wattle framework, over which clay and turf are plastered.

The morning after our arrival at Kitimbiri (as our hill-site is called) I have so much to do that there is no time to contemplate the beauties of the scenery. There are ninety men of Mombasa, who have carried my goods hither, to be discharged and sent back to the coast. There are all the necessary preparations to be made for commencing our settlement, and each of the men remaining with me must have his work told off to him. This one is to set to and clear the ground for a kitchen garden, that one must drive our milch cow and her calf, our goats and sheep to the green pastures, and follow them as they browse, and bring them home at sunset. Another takes the fowls under his care (all these live creatures have been bought immediately after our arrival), and so each of the thirty men who remain with me must have his appointed task. The cooks set to work to organise a kitchen, the builders seek for poles in the forest to make the framework of our dwellings, the road-makers ply



TREES WITH HONEY BOXES

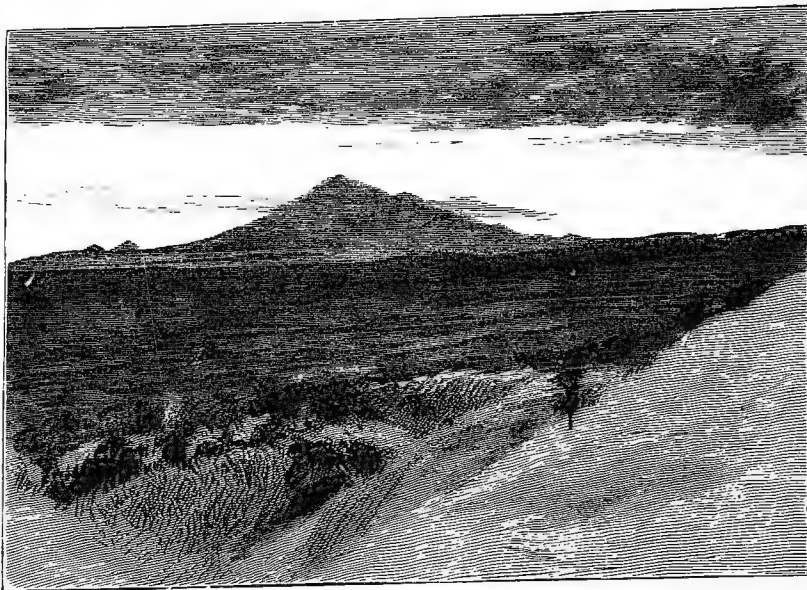
out the hours of daylight. When the red disc of the sun dips below the blue horizon of the plain I ring a bell, and the men with gleeful shouts acknowledge the signal for suspension of labours and return the implements to the tent before they troop off to their cooking fires.

But after a day or two, when things are going smoothly, when all palavers with Mandara and his subjects are at an end, when the seeds have been planted in my gardens, and I can trust the immediate superintendence of my men to my lieutenant, when I have set my two collectors at work pressing plants, and collecting insects, I am able to spend a few hours of the day in invigorating, health-giving rambles round the neighbourhood of my settlement.

I extend my walks, gun in hand, and a collecting portfolio on my back, in all directions, but my first favourite stroll is up the valley of our little stream. Following the tiny path which runs parallel with our irrigating channel, I come to the place where the latter branches off from the parent stream. Here, at will, a passing native can cut off our water supply by laying a packet of grass and mud athwart the little channel, and, therefore, bearing this in mind, and regarding also the fertility and beauty of the rich valley (full of the alluvial soil washed down from the hill-sides by the rain), I resolve that hereabouts my principal plantations shall be made. I obtain Mandara's consent to the plan, and accordingly set my man, Kadu Stanley, to work at once, directing him to clear away the brushwood, burn it, mix the ashes with the soil, and then plough the whole field up and break the clods of soil. Soon many a rich bed of dark red earth is sown with seed, and separated from its fellows by little runnels, along which, once a day or oftener, water, diverted from the nearest waterfall, is turned. Indeed, perpetual irrigation is here much simplified. The plenteous stream goes bounding through the valley, with a cascade every hundred yards or so. From the head of these waterfalls nothing is easier than to divert a stream on either side, carry it along a banked up channel above your plantations, and turn the water wherever you will into the network of tiny trenches which intersect the plots of ground.

However, artificial irrigation seems almost a superfluity in Chaga, where never a month passes without rain, and where the climate is as moist as that of Devonshire. I soon begin to find that my first care must be to get a rain-proof

not always on view. For weeks together he will be swathed in clothes. But should you be an early riser you will hardly fail to catch a glimpse of him just at sunrise, when before the cold



MOUNT MÉRU

breath of morning the unfolding clouds part and scatter and disclose his splendid crown of virgin snow irradiated with the pink morning sunshine. Thus it was that within a few days of my arrival

I had my first good stare at and began my first detailed sketch of Kilima-njaro. I hurried a short distance from my camp to the edge of the ravine, whence there was little to obstruct the view, and there, squatted amid the crushed bracken fronds at the commencement of the precipitous descent, I looked across first to the opposite hill, crested with feathery trees, mimosas, sycamores, and palms, and then to the swelling forest-clad heights beyond, gloomy and sombre in the shade, as yet untouched by the sloping sunshine. Above these a vast white sheet of fleecy cloud, uniform and flat, and crowning all, as if cut off from the lower earth, and floating majestically in the pale blue heaven, the snow-covered dome, with its blemishes of shadow and blaze of preponderating light like that of

A VIEW TOWARDS UGWENO

the disc of the moon.

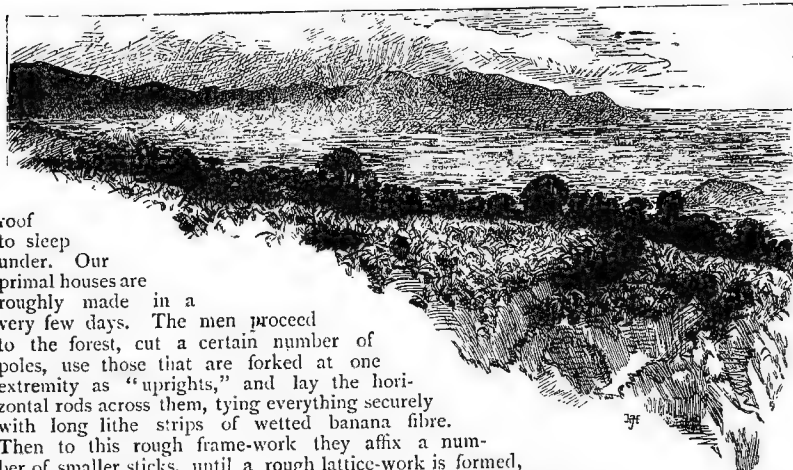
The jealous clouds, however, grant me but a poor half-hour in which to sketch the features of their monarch, and I am compelled to defer the completion of my work to other opportunities. Meantime I go right and left in search of studies.

There is Méru, for instance, scarcely less majestic than Kilima-njaro, lying some thirty miles away to the west, a vast pyramidal mountain, reaching to nearly 15,000 feet, with a lesser peak at the side. Méru is visible across the plains for a distance of at least seventy miles, and is at all times a majestic object. It is said to be inhabited by a gentle race of agriculturists, akin in origin and tongue to the Wa-cha of Kilima-njaro. At its base dwell tribes of Masai, who are great cattle-keepers, and whose herds of kine range over the vast green plains that lie between Méru and Kilima-njaro at the upper waters of the Luvu River.

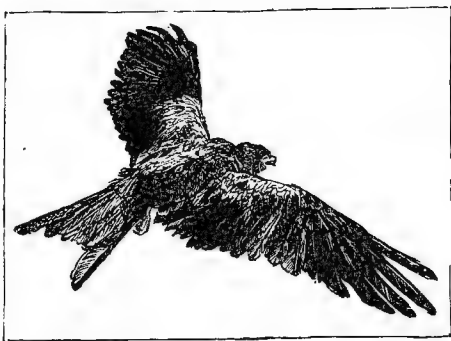
The Luvu, although bearing a large body of water to the ocean, is quite unnavigable, owing to the rapidity of its current.

Many fine views over the surrounding country may be had from the neighbourhood of my station. Looking westward we may gaze over the whole belt of inhabited country as far as Machame, near the great western shoulder of Kilima-njaro, which stretches towards Méru. Many a forest-crowned hill intervenes; and in the foreground the scenery is a bewildering maze of banana plantations in their glinting, vivid green, of maize fields, of patches of red and freshly turned-up soil, and dark purple blots, which are isolated trees left standing in the cultivated land. Then there are the bare, sheep-cropped downs forming stretches of pale green colour, and the hill sides clothed with feathery bracken which at this season (June) is dried to a vivid yellow. All these varied tones, too crude and startling in the foreground, become harmonised into a beautiful green and purple patchwork in the middle distance, and fade away near the horizon into a calm and tender violet, broken here and there by the blue puffs of smoke which everywhere mark the inhabited zone; for the natives of Chaga are perpetually clearing the land of weeds and burning the refuse in great bonfires to fertilise the soil with the ashes.

Southward and eastward I look across to the beautiful blue hills of Ugweno, at the base of which lies Lake Jipé. The lake cannot be seen from the elevation, but mount a thousand feet higher and you will descry it like an oblong mirror at the base of the purple hills. The country of Ugweno is very interesting, and offers the most lovely landscapes in its midst, combining peaks of 7,000 feet, rich forests, cascades, green lawns, and peeps at the lake below and the silver windings of the Luvu. The Wagweno speak a tongue that is evidently more archaic than that of the Wachaga. They are an inoffensive but very timid, wild people; much harried formerly by the cruel Masai. Now they live so high up in the hills that they are in safety, but, on the other hand, lack good soil for their crops and pasture for their cattle.



roof to sleep under. Our primal houses are roughly made in a very few days. The men proceed to the forest, cut a certain number of poles, use those that are forked at one extremity as "uprights," and lay the horizontal rods across them, tying everything securely with long lithe strips of wetted banana fibre. Then to this rough frame-work they affix a number of smaller sticks, until a rough lattice-work is formed, and finally the whole, roof and all, will be neatly thatched with the old fronds of the banana tree, resembling brown paper in look and texture. (By the bye, when civilisation extends to Africa and people have got beyond the stage when they only seek for gold or diamonds, it strikes me that sun-dried banana leaves would form an admirable material for paper-making, superior to esparto grass.) Provided the roof is done with care, it ought to be completely rain-tight. As it is, a little patching generally has to take place after the first shower. No windows, of course, are made. Light is obtained from the open doorway, which is closed at night by a mackintosh curtain and a door of wooden framework. Inside, the earthen floor is stamped hard by men's feet, and before inhabiting the house numerous fires are burnt on the ground and their ashes pounded into the beaten earth. Of course a trench or moat, to carry off the heavy rain, is dug all round the house, so that it generally happens that these hastily-constructed abodes are wonderfully dry and snug. When the house is built for my own occupation I have a large mat made from plaited strips of the useful "migomba" (dried banana leaves), and thrown down on the bare floor of beaten earth. Then, on this, one or two wild beasts' skins



A KITE

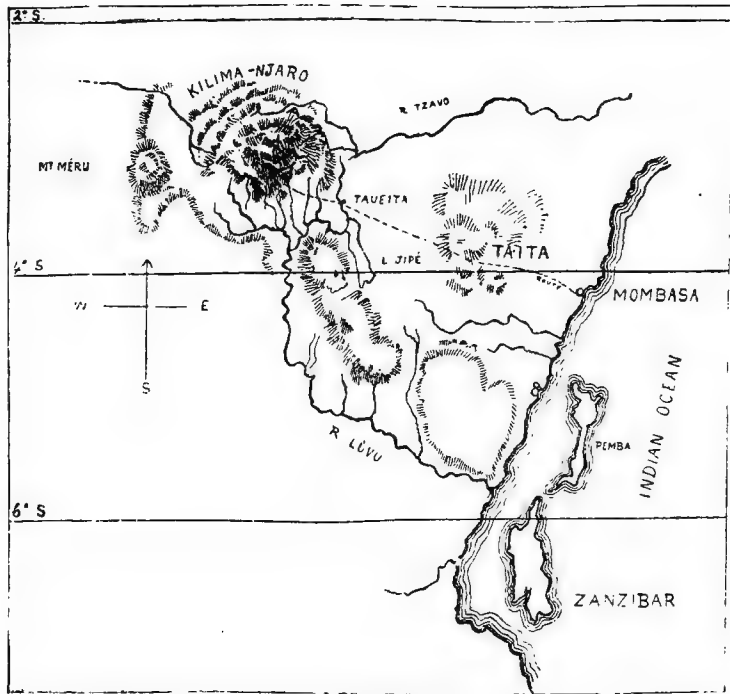
or a bright-coloured Zanzibar "mkeka" (dyed grass mat), add quite a comfortable look to the interior. My bed is mounted in one corner, my portable table stands in the centre of the dwelling, boxes of necessities are ranged along the walls, my washing-basin is poised on a roughly-made tripod, shelves are hastily rigged up to support the lighter articles of my equipment, and lastly, nails and hooks are knocked into the accommodating rafters, and from these depend all the heterogeneous articles that will let themselves be hung up.

Happy time this is! Everything is fresh to me. The cares of journeying, the weary tramps of twenty miles a day are over. I can be sure of water and food, and know at stated hours in the day a tempting meal will be awaiting me. So with a light heart I set out to explore the beauties of my African Switzerland. First of course, I crave for a good view of the giant dome of Kibô, the highest summit of the mass, the "Kilima-njaro" ("Mountain of the Snow Fiend"), as the coast people call it, the "Home of God" (Engaji Engai) as it is more reverently termed by the Masai of the plains. This, the highest peak in Africa (18,800 feet high) is



A NATIVE DAM

Nearly all the streams flowing from Kilima-njaro, except two or three in the west and east (there are apparently none on the northern slope), ultimately unite to form this great stream which enters the Indian Ocean at Pangani (vide map), nearly opposite Zanzibar.



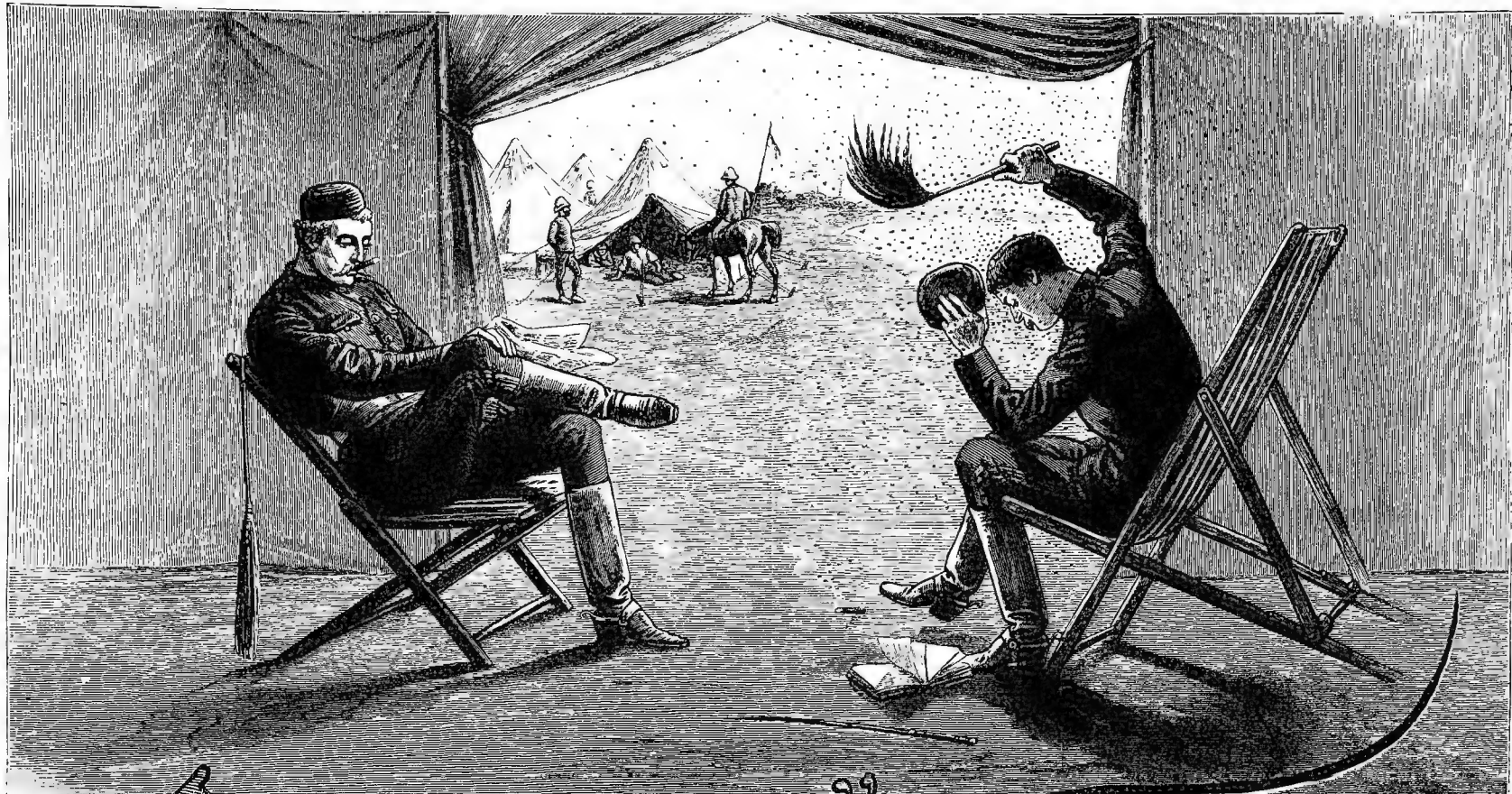
It is most delightful thus to look forth from my eyrie on the many lands spread before me as on a huge and living map, and also to feel that I am safe from all attack on the part of the lawless rovers of the plains. My gaze stretches away, even into parts of Africa that are unknown and unvisited of white men, and I can scan the natural features of these countries at a glance, and correct the disposition of their rivers and mountain ranges on the map. Sometimes, when the partial mists rise over the nearer hills and valleys, and the brow of my hill seems to be an island floating in the air, the effect is a most pleasing and novel one. I, my men, my huts, and my domestic animals seem to be sailing over Africa in a giant balloon. Below us, beyond the mists, are the sunlit plains, the lines of velvet forest bordering the winding streams, the stretches of open pasture-land like lakes of grass, green amid the darker forest and the purple hills. Then, at our feet, rolling clouds of grey vapour, and, standing out in strong relief against this vacuous background, the soaring kites who wheel and poise with outspread pinions just below my feet, seeming like the birds which accompanied Solomon when he flew through the air on his magic carpet as the Arab legends tell us.

Throughout the four months of my residence on Kitimbiri the beauties of the scenery never palled and never grew monotonous. With such varied atmospheric agencies the effects around us changed like the designs of a kaleidoscope, and rarely came two alike. Sometimes, perhaps at early dawn, everything would be veiled in blank mist, save only the summit of Kibô, and this would gleam out above the clouds, like some supernatural vision, rosy in the effulgence of the coming dawn. Or, it may be, in the noontide every trace of vapour will have vanished, and the velvet forest lies glowing in gold-green light and dusky purple shadows, every detail strongly marked, while the precipices, jutting rocks, and shining *heres* of Kibô are discernible with startling clearness, though the peak lies distant nearly fifteen miles. In the afternoon, perhaps, the sky is hung with dense curtains of purple grey cloud, and the plain below lies in monotonous blue shadow; only away to the west, behind the pyramid of Méru, the heavens exhibit one clear cloudless belt, which the descending sun turns to refulgent gold, and against this relief, as on some antique illumination or decorative design, the peak of Méru and the jagged hill tops at its base stand out in a simple tone of indigo.

So passed my first few weeks in Kilima-njaro; in planting, building, scheming; sketching landscapes, and skinning birds. No troubles as yet overcast my horizon, and if, afterwards, I was harassed with anxious fears and worried with intolerable suspense, the memory of those darker days is overborne by the vivid impression I retain of this first and brightest period of my sojourn in Kilima-njaro, which I find noted in my diary as "The happiest time I ever spent in Africa."

H. H. JOINSTON

(To be continued)



"HOUP-LA"

A NOVELETTE

By J. S. WINTER,

AUTHOR OF "CAVALRY LIFE," "REGIMENTAL LEGENDS,"
AND "BOOTLES' BABY."

ILLUSTRATED BY W. RALSTON

IN TWO WEEKLY PARTS—PART II.



CHAPTER III.

THERE was very little of bravado gaiety when the good ship *Clyde* slipped adown the Channel that night. Officers and men alike were very quiet, and Tom Snow crept softly in and out of the cabin shared by his master with Lucy and Hartog, and laid out his mess-things with silent and reverent sympathy for the gravity on that master's face, for Bootles had not, as yet, got over the agony he felt as he encountered the yearning misery in his wife's beautiful eyes, and as Mignon's parting sobs fell upon his ears. In truth, it was one of the three most bitter days that ever cast their shadow over the brightness of his pleasant and sunny life.

For himself, young Tom had no feelings save those of the wildest exultation and delight. Until the last moment he had never dared to think it possible he could accompany his master on the expedition. Night after night he had watered his pillow with tears at the thought of being left behind, and then—well, of course he was very sorry for the cause, and he pulled as long a face over the misfortune as anybody, though the young monkey's heart was beating and throbbing with joy at the chance it gave him. This was how the chance occurred. The very day before the regiment was to leave its quarters, Terry fell upon the stairs leading to one of the troop-rooms, and slipped his knee-cap.

Going was for him out of the question, and not to be thought of; in fact, nobody did think of it for a moment. And then Bootles had to cast about in order to find somebody suitable to fill Terry's place, for Terry, although he was in reality a groom, yet was accustomed to do much about his master's person.

"I'll take young Houp-La," he said suddenly to Mrs. Bootles, after he had gone over in his mind all the likely men he knew. "He knows how to do for me just as well as Terry does. I'll take him."

And so young Tom was rigged out in haste, and followed his master's fortunes into the land of the Pharaohs.

Bootles' choice proved to be a very wise selection. The voyage out was the most miserable time he had ever passed; true, he had at one period been more unhappy, but never had he known before what it was to really miss a dear daily presence out of his life, not one, but two—his wife and Mignon.

In every respect young Tom suited him; he knew just what he wanted, and just when he wanted it: he was great at holding his tongue, and never bothering his master with questions about this or that, as a strange servant must necessarily have done. He was intensely sympathetic to the sleepless pain in Captain Ferrers' eyes; and, after all, what sympathy is there which is so sweet as the sympathy of those who themselves have known the extremes of pain and misery? Young Tom, too, was sympathetic in silence.

Then, moreover, apart from his services to his master, he proved quite a host in himself by way of relieving the tedium and weariness which the voyage was to the men, to whom every hour seemed the length of a day, every mile as long as a dozen. It is always hard to keep men amused and content on board ship, particularly on board a troop-ship, where, with all ranks, life is a continuous fight for daily bread, to say nothing of comfort, from port to port.

It is a tedious and irksome enough time to the officers, who have the best accommodation which the ship affords; but for those who live between decks, with but few papers and amusements and but a limited amount of beer and tobacco, matters are still worse; and it is not easy to find words to convey anything like an adequate idea of what that life's weariness and *ennui* really is.

It was here that young Tom, from being only a sharp-tongued general favourite, suddenly grew, like Captain Garnet's head, as Lucy remarked one night when they were steaming past the African coast, into "a gweat and—cr—shining light." With his master's permission and some help from the sailors, he got the tailor to make him up a set of clown's garments, and furnished up all his old circus tricks with such right good will



that more than once he had the honour of appearing before the most distinguished officers on board the *Clyde*. He pleased them each and all so greatly, that when he took his white hat round for contributions to the fund for the wives and children who had been left behind, he obtained so good a sum that Bootles, whose heart was tender to every man who could in any way approach or share his feelings on that subject, made it up to the even and respectable amount of five pounds out of his own pocket.

And then at last they steamed into the harbour of Alexandria, and the voyage was over. For some of them it was very near indeed to the close of the voyage of life. But they never seemed to think of it, action was the order of the day, and dispiritedness and down-heartedness apparently had flown from their midst. All was energy and bustle—tall lancers clanked along the half ruined Eastern-looking streets, tramped in and out of the bazaars and cafés, laughing in good natured British contempt at nearly everything they saw, grumbled in true British style at all discomforts, swore roundly at the flies and the dust, hob-nobbed with sunburnt tars from the ships of war in the harbour, and scattered everywhere the energetic signs of British rule and occupation.

"I say, Bill," said one strapping broad-shouldered red jacket to one of a group of his comrades one night, "wasn't the chaplain preaching about the seven plagues of Egypt, the Sunday afore we left 'ome?"

"Ay!" responded Bill, sending a great cloud of smoke into the midst of a cloud of flies.

"Do you remember what they was?"

"Why," answered Bill, hesitatingly, "there was frogs, flies and lice—and darkness, and blood—that's four. And hail, and blains—I suppose they're boils, or wuss—and the loss of the firstborn."

"By gum!" ejaculated the first, "but old Pharaoh must have 'ad some grit in him to stand all that. I wonder if they had any baccy in them days," and then he, too, took a mighty draw at his big pipe, and let the flies in his immediate neighbourhood have the full benefit thereof, after which he spat contemptuously into the midst of the swarm by way of distinctly adding insult to injury.

The flies did not particularly seem to appreciate the attention, and they forthwith settled down upon Private John Wood, No. 741, as if they had a special mission from Arabi Pasha to determine the exact value of "grit," as "grit" goes, in the ranks of the British army.

"Blowed if ever I knew the like o' this," quoth Private John Wood, No. 741. "Why, old Pharaoh must have 'ad a hide like Beelzebub."

IV.

PRIVATE JOHN WOOD, No. 741, was not the only man in the Scarlet Lancers whose "grit" the flies took an opportunity of valuing. They settled down upon Lucy as if he were a sweet and toothsome morsel such as did not often come in their way, which probably was exactly the true state of the case.

But Bootles they left strangely alone—perhaps he took after Pharaoh of old. Any way, certain it is that he suffered less from the climate and its attendant plagues than any other officer in the regiment, and it was partly owing to this—at least it was entirely due to his habitually cool and self-possessed demeanour, which he could not have maintained had the flies pestered him as they did some of the others, Lucy, for instance—that one evening, a few days after they had left Alexandria and Ramleh behind them, when he was lying half asleep in his hammock, a thump-thump sounded upon the wooden box which stood just outside the entrance to his tent.

"Yes—what is it?" he called out sleepily; then, as an orderly appeared in the doorway, asked, "Well, orderly; what is it?"

"The Colonel's compliments, sir, and he wishes to see you as soon possible."

"Very well. Tell the Colonel, with my compliments, that I'll be with him immediately," he answered, and the orderly, saluting, disappeared.

With all haste he rolled out of the hammock, and straightened himself as regarded his hair and the fastenings of his undress jacket, buckled on his sword, and went off to the Colonel's quarters, in ignorance that young Tom Snow, who had been loafing outside the tent until his master should shout for him when it was time to dress for mess, and so had heard the message which the orderly had brought, was following him, and that, when Bootles went in, he flung himself down upon the sandy ground in blissful disregard of any plague that might be lurking there, be it Egyptian or otherwise.

The sentry on duty outside the Colonel's tent, of course, noticed him, and uttered a facetious remark after the manner in which most of the Scarlet Lancers were accustomed to address the sharp-tongued amusing little circus waif.

"'Ello, young Houp-La. What may you be a-doing of?"

"I ain't a-doing of nothing," retorted young Houp-La, civilly, "except a-waiting of my master, Capt'n Ferrers, who you see a-going into the Colonel's quarters jes' now."

The sentry laughed and wheeled round on his allotted twenty yards of sentry-go, never dreaming of ordering young Tom off, for he was generally considered in the regiment as a thing of naught, beyond the fact of his being a favourite protégé of Captain Ferrers.

So there he remained, and there with his sharp young ears pressed close to a little discrepancy in the canvas, which protected the officer commanding the Scarlet Lancers from the night dews and damps, Tom Snow, the circus-waif, became cognizant of and acquainted with the details and particulars of one of the most important and dangerous missions which was entrusted to or accepted by any one of the officers and men who carried Her Majesty's uniform into the land of the Pharaohs in the campaign of '82.

He heard every word that passed between his master and the three grey-haired officers whom he found there.

It was not only a very difficult but a very dangerous errand which Captain Ferrers had been chosen to perform. The order was given in the simplest and most soldierly words, and so young Tom was able to gather its exact meaning as clearly as Bootles himself could do. In substance it was to convey a certain paper, written in cypher, to the officer commanding a body of troops lying about five miles from the Scarlet Lancers' Camp, which was but a short distance from the town of Abu-Goum, held by a strong force of the rebels, under the command of Arabi himself.

To reach the other British camp the envoy must pass almost through the rebel lines, else he would find himself close under the walls of Abu-Goum on the one hand, or involved in the swamps which skirted the margin of Lake Goum on the other.

The General impressed upon Bootles the need for caution and despatch, as he entrusted the precious paper to his hands, not without first making him exactly acquainted with its contents in case of accident by the way, so that if the paper were damaged, or rendered illegible, he might not reach the other camp in ignorance of his mission.

And young Tom heard it all—every word! Not only heard but saw! Saw the General give the paper—saw his master place it in a small pocket-book of brown leather, and bow himself out, after a silent grip of the hands outstretched to him—saw then that he left the tent, and went hastily in the direction of his own—and, seeing that, the circus-waif rose up from his post of observation and followed him swiftly.

When he reached Captain Ferrers' tent he found his master bending over a brass-bound box, which stood in one corner of it—a box which Tom knew contained his revolvers.

"Is that you, Tom?" he asked.

"Yessir," answered Tom, with a salute, and advancing into the middle of the tent.

"Take my flask round to the mess-tent, and get it filled with brandy—and be quick."

"Yessir," said Tom.

He never hesitated an instant what he should do. The moment he entered the tent he had seen that on the chest which formed his master's table, Captain Ferrers had laid down the brown leather pocket-book which contained the all-important despatch.

Quick as thought Tom snatched it up with the flask and ran out; once outside, he threw the flask to the winds and made for the outposts.

It was not difficult for him to pass them, on the contrary, in truth, he simply threw himself flat upon his stomach, and, by means of the snake-trick on which he had so prided himself of old, wriggled past the various sentries with the stealth and noiselessness of an Indian

scout. Having passed the last one, he took the pocket-book from between his teeth, where he had carried it for safety, and folding the precious despatch neatly to half its former size, consigned it to a little pocket within the breast of his scarlet and black striped waistcoat, one which had been put there by Captain Ferrers' orders, so that the lad might carry a few shillings in safety, and without fear of being relieved of it by pickpockets.

Then he threw the book away, and with a last look in the direction of the camp, turned his face towards the five miles of difficulty and danger which lay between him and the mission which he had taken upon himself—nay, which he had in reality stolen from him to whom it had been entrusted—difficult, because of the inky darkness of the night, and of his ignorance of the surrounding country (an ignorance which his master would greatly have lessened by means of a compass and a plan, two articles of which Tom had not thought), dangerous, because almost every yard of the way bristled with rebel muskets, every post and point was guarded and watched by vigilant rebel troops.

But the lad's brave spirit never failed him for an instant. He had not stood upon the trapeze platform and looked grim Death hard in the face to be of faint heart now, when he needed all his courage.

He never thought of the harm he might be doing, still less of the risk he was running—only that his master, the Captain, had been sent on this errand of danger, and that he, owing to his small size and elasticity of joint and muscle, and the particular form of training which he had undergone in the circus, could easily go in safety where his master could not expect to escape detection, nay, where he very well knew his master could not escape with his life.

It was only for a moment that he stood looking back upon the camp, which sheltered all he loved on earth; he could hear the steady and measured tramp of the sentries close at hand; he could see the more distant lights. Then a mist of tears blurred the picture. He dashed his hand across his eyes, plunged into the darkness, and was gone.



MEANTIME, having seen that his revolvers were in perfect order, Bootles set about dressing himself for his expedition. He discarded his spurs and sword, and, indeed, everything which might serve to attract attention to him or make him, an object more easily discernible in the darkness of the night.

There were among other things lying upon the make-shift table, a tin of milk biscuits, a jar of potted game, and a bottle nearly full of sherry. He poured out a tumbler full of the wine, and hastily spread some of the potted game upon the biscuits, then continued his preparations, eating as he moved about the tent.

"What a long time that boy is," he thought, impatiently.

Tom was not usually so long about his master's errands, and his master, not unnaturally perhaps, wondered at his being so then, when there was so much need for haste. However, he pulled on his long cloak, which covered him up from head to foot, and slipped a dark blue cloth polo cap upon his head—this was safer than to wear the gold-laced forage-cap of an officer.

And then, just as he was going to button his cloak, he remembered the pocket-book, and turned to take it.

But it was gone!

Bootles stood for a moment staring at the place where he had laid it down in the stupefaction of intense surprise. He had put it down just there, beside his flask, and with his gloves! He was certain of it—he could positively swear to it.

What on earth had got the thing?

He roused himself from his bewilderment, and turned all his pockets out, ran to the brass-bound revolver case and examined it; back to the table, and tossed everything that was upon it over and over. Made quite sure, in fact, that pocket-book and despatch were alike missing, and not to be found.

He felt it was no use staying there, wasting his precious time in ransacking boxes and turning out pockets which he had not touched that day. The Colonel must be told at once; so, with a mighty effort, Bootles pulled himself together, and went out with a sinking heart to tell the tale of his own shame and dishonour.

For thus did he, in the agony and distress of mind which overwhelmed him, designate the carelessness, or the unsuspiciousness, which had allowed him to trust the honesty of others. He never for a moment suspected young Tom of being the thief, but he did think it just within the bounds of possibility that, while he had been bending down over the case of revolvers, some one had quietly crept in and carried off the pocket-book.

But it came out after a while—after Bootles had got through that terrible interview with the Colonel—terrible because of the pain it gave to both of them—after he had given up his sword and his

parole of honour, and then had passed the night in his tent alone, lying miserably in his hammock with his arm flung across his eyes. Then it all came out! How his flask, a handsome silver thing, with crest and monogram emblazoned upon it, had been found as soon as morning light broke over the camp, not twenty yards away from his tent, how young Tom had never been at all to get the brandy for which his master had sent him, then how young Tom was missing, and had never been seen by any one in the camp since the sentry on duty outside the Colonel's tent had accosted him with "Ello, young 'Oup La, and what may you be a-doing of?" Lastly—and worst confirmation of all—how the missing pocket-book had been found just outside the most advanced outposts.

There could be no further doubt that Tom Snow was the delinquent—nobody had the slightest doubt about it, not even Bootles himself, though he stoutly declared his belief in the lad, and maintained that nothing could make him think young Tom was a traitor, except the most absolute and positive proof that such was the case. For once Lucy was absolutely angry with his best friend.

"My dear chap," he said, in tones which were distinctly tones of remonstrance, though he tried to make them those of calm reasonableness, "what—er—more p'roof *can* you want or have? The boy was sent to get your flask filled with brandy; he did not get it filled with brandy or anything else, but it is found instead only a few yards from your own tent. The boy is gone—the—er—despatch is gone too. Nobody else in the whole camp is missing. It is wreatly, Bootles, perfectly absurd to twry to shield the young wrescal any longer. The despatch—er—could not go by itself—it's absurd—it—er—isn't in wreason."

"In reason or out of reason, I don't and won't believe that the boy has sold me," Bootles asserted obstinately.

"But he has stolen the despatch," Lucy persisted.

"Oh, nonsense! What on earth should he do with it when he had got it?"

"Why, hand it over to Awrabi, of course. What else should he do with it?" retorted Lucy sharply.

"Oh, he has never done that, though some one else may. That is likely enough," answered Bootles carelessly. But Bootles knew very well in his heart that it must have been Tom and no other who had taken the pocket-book from off his table, though he did not for a moment believe that the lad had sold him.

The true solution of the mystery was that the boy, by listening outside the Colonel's tent, had, according to his idea, gathered the object of the mission with which his master had been charged, and with that knowledge had also gleaned a very correct idea of the danger which must attend it—that he had stolen the despatch, and was now in hiding, with the ignorant idea that if it were not there to be taken, his master could not take it. That young Tom had actually set off from the Scarlet Lancers' camp to carry that paper across the five miles of difficult and dangerous country which lay between the two British camps was an idea which never entered for a moment into Bootles' calculations.

But his opinion was not shared by any one else, at least, no one else hit upon that idea as a solution of the mystery of Tom's conduct, and Bootles did not tell any one what he thought; he only stoutly maintained that he did not believe, and that he never would believe, short of positive proof to the contrary, that the lad had sold him.

So that miserable morning dragged its slow length along. What a long, long day it was! The entire camp seemed paralysed by the loss of that paper, which had contained instructions for a simultaneous attack upon the city and the rebel forces on the third day from the date of sending the despatch. It was useless to send out a duplicate; for not only was the cypher probably already in the hands of Arabi, but the vigilance of the rebels would be greatly increased, and so render it impossible for a messenger to pass between the two British camps.

Towards evening, when the shades of night were gathering around, an attempt was made to signal to the other camp by means of electric lights. Hitherto their trials in this respect had been but dismal failures, and it was as a last resort that the Scarlet Lancers attempted it now.

To their intense surprise, however, the answering flashes came back with precision and evident understanding, very different from the confused answers they had received before. This time there could be no mistaking their meaning, and apparently those on the distant shore were experiencing the same enlightenment.

"All right!—Got your message.—Will act as you direct."

The signalist put the message together, and the group of officers who were standing round him stood staring blankly into one another's faces, struck dumb with astonishment and surprise.

"Are you quite sure?" asked Hartog at length of the officer who was in charge of the signals.

The signalist—a very smart Engineer—laughed.

"Yes. Quite sure," he answered.

"Then that boy carried the message to save Bootles!" Hartog exclaimed.

"B—y Jove!" ejaculated Lucy, "and I've been vigorously blackening the poor little fellow's character al—l day—every time I had a chance. I—er—feel beastly ashamed of myself."

"Ask again—ask who took the message, and if he is there now?" suggested Hartog to the Engineer, who complied willingly enough, and sent the inquiry flashing across the rapidly darkening sky, in which the brilliant stars were beginning to shine out one by one.

Then the reply came back in a series of vivid flashes.

"A boy left camp on return journey with reply before day-break."

"Then the rebels have got him," Hartog cried, excitedly. "Poor little chap, they've got him sure enough."

The news spread through the camp in next to no time, and, within half-an-hour, young Houp-La had as many good words spoken for him as during the day he had had bad ones. Everybody had something pleasant to say in favour of the brave little lad, who had thus heroically risked his life, and, poor fellow, had probably already lost it, for the sake of the master whom he loved with the fidelity of a dog.

As for his master, he went straight to the Colonel and asked, with a strange huskiness in his throat and a blaze in his blue eyes, that a searching party might be sent out at once, and as far as was safe, in case the lad had been disabled, and could not reach the camp.

"Certainly, certainly—and go yourself, if you care to do it, Ferrers," said the Colonel, hurriedly, brushing his hand across his eyes. "Go yourself, if you care to do it. I have much pleasure in returning your sword. I am sure I sincerely hope the lad has come to no harm. 'Pon my soul, he is the hero of the campaign—'pon my soul he is," and then the kindly Colonel shook his favourite by the hand, and brushed the other across his eyes once more.

Bootles said "Thank you, sir," and went out without another word, chiefly because there was a lump in his throat which made speech difficult.

It was not long before a party was ready to start, with Bootles at its head, to search for the missing boy. Nor was it very long

before they found him—perhaps a mile from the rebel outposts—lying behind a clump of trees, faint and ghastly pale, his mouth parched and dry, and his sharp, young face drawn and distorted with pain.

Bootles was the first to hear his moan, and turned the light of the bull's-eye he carried upon the place whence the sound came. In another moment he was down upon his knees beside the prostrate form of the half-unconscious boy.

Young Houp-La vaguely recognised his master as he tenderly raised his head upon his arm.

"Water!" he gasped painfully.

Bootles filled the cup which formed the lower half of his flask with water, which one of the searchers had brought, and held it to the poor parched lips. It seemed to put new life into him, for he lifted his head and looked wildly round.

"Tell the Capt'n I got there safe. The answer is in my wes'coat pocket. I couldn't get back as well. One o' them Arab devils potted me. I crawled as far as I could, but I couldn't get no further, though I see the camp lights jes' ahead." Then he perceived that Bootles was bending down over him, his kind face convulsed with grief and emotion.

"Is that you, sir?" he said, in a tone of gentle relief and satisfaction. "Don't take on about me, sir. I ain't worth it."

"Where are you hurt, my boy?" Bootles asked in a choking voice.

"Somewhere about the groin, sir. It's no use trying to move me," seeing that two of the men had opened a stout blanket and were preparing to receive him. "It's all over with me now. Don't you put yourself out about me, sir, I ain't worth it."

"Try and drink a drop of this," said Bootles, holding the cup once more to his lips. It had brandy in it this time.

"It ain't no good, sir," he persisted, but he swallowed the brandy and water, and then they raised him very gently and lifted him on to the rug. Not so gently, though, but that he groaned and moaned piteously with the pain, and slipped off into delirium again, talking wildly all the way back to camp of the success of his expedition, and how the commanding officer of the other camp, who had received the despatch from him, had patted him on the shoulder and had called him a brave lad, and bade him God speed and a safe return.

And then, when at last they got him into camp and on to an ambulance cot, he came to his own senses again for a little time, and bade them send for the Colonel that he might give the despatch into his own hands.

"You're not angry, sir?" he said imploringly, as the Colonel took the paper. "I knew the Capt'n couldn't go safe where I could, and I thought as 'ow it wouldn't matter so much if aught happened to me. You're not angry with me, are you, sir?"

"No, my boy, certainly not," answered the Colonel huskily. "You are the bravest lad in the army. I am proud of you, very proud."

Tom Snow drew himself up as straightly as he could against his master's breast, where he had been lying ever since they put him down upon the bed, and endeavoured to salute the commanding officer. "I got there," he said, looking round at the faces about him, "and I got back 'ome again. It don't any of it matter now," and then he slipped off again and wandered on about the heat and the glare of the sunshine, of his awful thirst, and the pain of his wound. At last he tried to turn his head round to look at Bootles.

"Are you there, sir?" he asked in a clear and sensible voice.

"Yes, my boy," answered Bootles, pressing the lad's head against his cheek, and holding him quite tight against his heart, as if he could not bear to let the all-powerful enemy, who was fast stealing upon them, wrest that faithful young life away from him.

The minutes passed slowly away and intense silence reigned throughout the tent; suddenly Tom spoke again:—

"I ain't in no pain now, sir," he said with a satisfied sigh; "but I'm orful tired."

"Try and sleep a little," said Bootles.

"Yes; I think I'll try. I'm orful tired."

Then there was silence again—a silence longer, deeper, more profound than that which had been before—broken, indeed, only by the sound of the boy's sharp-drawn breath. Then that, too, grew fainter and less laboured, and Bootles held the slight form yet closer in his arms—held it till the last faint sigh had fluttered through the whitened lips—held it, even though he knew perfectly well that the brave hero-soul had slipped away—held it closer and closer still, because he did not dare to look on the brave white face which had been faithful even to the very end, and had paid a debt of gratitude even by the sacrifice of life.

It was Lucy who approached him first.

"You'd better come away now, Bootles, old fellow," he said persuasively. "You can't do the poor little chap any good now."

Bootles allowed one of the doctors to unfold his arms and take the little body from him. Then he stood up and looked down upon it as it lay still and silent upon the bed, the sharp, young face at rest and peaceful now.

"I knew he hadn't sold me," he said in a shaking voice. "God bless him! he loved me better than himself;" and then he turned away and strode out into the darkness alone.

THE END



THE author of that exceedingly clever political satire, "Pericles Brum," Austen Pomeroy, has in "Victoria Victrix: or a Shrug, a Hum, and a Ha!" (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell), shown himself capable of success in a less imaginative form of fiction. Instead of contributing further to the perhaps more than sufficient mass of literature dealing with the far-off future, he takes for his subject those worst features of the worst sort of Society journal which may quite possibly perish with our own generation. "Puff," and its most influential contributor, Mr. Horace Tracy, are too villainous altogether to be taken as typical of anything but possibilities: still a far less amount of deliberate rascality than Mr. Pomeroy has thought it needful to call into play would suffice to ruin a noble life like that of Mary Testa. Thus, after the manner of novelists with a purpose in general, he has gone far to weaken his own case. If so much force and stratagem is required to damage one unprotected girl, it would naturally follow that the system cannot be so very formidable on the whole. While the purpose of the novel is simply well intentioned, many of its characters are admirable, and all have a flavour of originality. Julian Holmes, in particular, is an excellent portrait—that of a man who, from being merely an embroiderer of truth to his own greater glory, slides by imperceptible degrees into the utmost depths of falsehood and treachery. Of course the conception itself is not new, but it has seldom been worked out so naturally and altogether so well. His foil in the person of his at first admiring and devoted friend, an honest, broad-minded, uncompromising, and exceedingly muscular curate, supplies a thoroughly efficient contrast: and another contrast of a yet more striking kind is afforded by the heroine, Mary Testa, and by Ernestine. The author may be proud of his heroine, from the first

moment when she first bewilders her treacherous lover by her defiant and superficial eccentricities, till when she had learned through suffering what life means. And he may be still more proud of Ernestine, who teaches in her person the unpopular but needful lesson of what an utterly vulgar, contemptible, and even stupid thing genius itself may be. The story, if not very probable, is interesting, and is even more than sufficiently lively.

"Nell Fraser; or, Thorough Respectability," by E. H. H. (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell), supplies its key-note in its sub-title. The heroine, Nell, after spending a wandering and Bohemian girlhood as her father's friend and comrade, is suddenly plunged by his death into ultra-Philistine and "respectable" surroundings, wherein, of course, she is as a fish out of water. For that matter, most people would find her aunt and cousins thoroughly intolerable rather than merely respectable; nor is respectability in itself, despite the commonplaces of fiction, necessarily synonymous with all the most disagreeable qualities, any more than is Bohemianism, *per se*, with all the charms and virtues. Nell, despite her finer nature, is led by morbid and sentimental jealousy to the very verge of a cruel and treacherous murder, obliging her author to invent a dormant brain fever in order to render her irresponsible; and heroines liable to such dangerous visitations without exceedingly reasonable cause are not calculated to retain sympathy when the time comes for the patient clerical lover and the wedding bells. Married to one man, with a romantic and platonic affection for another, a good deal of ingenuity is needed to bring her into satisfactory final relations with a third. It is due to the author to say that his, or her, skill proves entirely adequate, and that though the story, like the sentiment, is occasionally overstrained, it is quite sufficiently interesting to suit all reasonable demands.

"Anthony Fairfax" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) is an anonymous novel, without any pretension to be above the ordinary run of fiction. It is a love story, complicated by the effects of an unjust punishment for an uncommitted crime upon an exceptionally morbid nature—a nature so morbid that it not only leads its victim to separate himself from the woman he really loves, but to seek in marriage one whom he does not love, because she has some inherited disgrace suitable, in his opinion, to be shared with his own. Of course all that is needful to bring things right is to clear him from the crime—a necessary task managed by a faithful dependant who is sketched somewhat amusingly.

"Leicester: An Autobiography," by Francis William L. Adams (2 vols.: George Redway), is a work of a kind wherewith ordinary criticism has happily little to do. The merely stupid novel is not uncommon: the merely silly novel still less so; but in "Leicester" the attributes of both are most uncommonly combined. Were there any sign of real talent, it would be impossible to speak of Mr. Adams's production in terms that would not be almost as offensive as he tries his best to be. He seems to have been misled by dangerous examples set by stronger brains into the idea that it is a fine thing to plunge the pen into filth for filth's sake, and without even the excuses that can be urged for the so-called realistic school.

"More New Arabian Nights: The Dynamiter," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson (Shilling Edition: Longmans, Green, and Co.), is scarcely a worthy continuation of its predecessor. The volume, dedicated "to Messrs. Cole and Cox, Police Officers," is little better than an ultra-sensational *pièce de circonstance*, so managed, or mismanaged, that the element of humour, running into sheer burlesque, nullifies the obviously serious intention of proving the already well-known fact that a dynamiter is a very stupid creature, as well as a very criminal one. It need not be said that the stories are not without some cleverness: but they assuredly would never have made a reputation



THE reaction grows in favour of Carlyle. Professor Tyndall predicted it long ago when unveiling Mr. Boehm's statue of Carlyle on the Thames Embankment, and Mr. Augustine Birrell's essay in "Obiter Dicta" was, perhaps, its first important expression in literature. Professor David Masson's "Carlyle Personally and in His Writings" (Macmillan) will give enormous impetus to the reactionary tendency; it is another strong gust of truth to blow aside the mists which, to use Professor Tyndall's simile, had gathered round the Alpine peak of Carlyle's fame. How far the vehement clamour which rose over Carlyle's newly-made grave was really the outcome of deliberate judgment of the contents of the "Reminiscences," or how far it was merely ignorant noisy echoing of the verdicts of hasty reviews, has never been doubtful. Here and there, no doubt, the friends of persons who had been blistered by some of Carlyle's sarcasms raised angry voices of protest; but, beyond those thus personally interested, it is certain that the greatest noise proceeded from people who had least knowledge of Carlyle as a man and as a writer. That Mr. Froude rightly conceived, and in the main rightly executed, his task as Carlyle's biographer we have always maintained; but that he pushed his theory to extremes, and that by dwelling too strongly on the grim side of Carlyle's mind he occasionally gave a false idea of his hero, is obvious to any one who has knowledge of Carlyle apart from Mr. Froude's books. In the first of his admirable lectures Professor Masson deals with Carlyle personally, and from his own ample personal knowledge, extending from 1844 to Carlyle's death, corrects some of the erroneous impressions left by Mr. Froude. He gives us with touches of swift, firm portraiture an admirable sketch of Carlyle the man, and sets forth with vigour the failures of Mr. Froude's biography. The second lecture, on "Carlyle's Literary Life and His Creed," is thorough, lucid, and true. Professor Masson's book is, indeed, an example of perfect knowledge given in well-nigh perfect style.

The story of the rescue of Lieutenant Greely and his comrades from their camp at Cape Sabine is now a familiar one; but we nevertheless welcome a complete narrative of Greely's work and that of the relief expeditions. This is to be found in "The Rescue of Greely," by Commander W. S. Schley and Professor J. R. Soley (Sampson Low). Commander Schley had chief command of the last and successful Greely Relief Expedition—that composed of the last and successful Greely Relief Expedition—that composed of the three ships, the *Thetis*, *Bear*, and the *Alert*, the last-named being presented to the United States by the English Government specially to aid in the work of rescuing the unfortunate Greely. The book, however, does more than tell the story of the last Expedition: it gives a complete history of events from the time that Greely with his twenty-four comrades sailed from St. John's for Lady Franklin Bay on July 7, 1881, to the rescue of the seven survivors, after terrible privations, in their overturned tent at Cape Sabine, on June 22, 1884. It will be remembered that it was the failure of the relief expedition of 1883, owing to the wreck of the *Proteus*, that left Greely and his party in such terrible straits. Commander Schley and his colleague tell their story very simply, yet their book is more genuinely interesting than nine out of ten romances. The interest culminates, of course, with the appearance of the first of the survivors on the ridge at Cape Sabine, the feeble man who waved a flag in reply to the signal from the relieving boat. Landing, and running on to the fallen tent, the relieving party there found Greely and his six comrades—all that remained of the gallant

twenty-five. In the tent, "on his hands and knees, was a dark man, with a long matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, with a little red skull-cap on his head, and brilliant, staring eyes." This was Greely. The relievers greeted him. "Yes," said Greely, in a faint, broken voice, hesitating and shuffling with his words, "Yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men. Did what I came to do—beat the best record." Then he fell back exhausted." It is a heroic story.

"The Imperial Parliament Series," edited by Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), embodies an excellent idea. It differs from the "English Citizen Series" in dealing with things as reformers think they should be, while the older series deals with things as they are. Several volumes of the new text-books are advertised as in the press; and a good start has been made with "Imperial Federation," by the Marquis of Lorne. The Marquis looks with approval on the idea of federation, and if he does not suggest any method by which it can be carried out, that is perhaps because he thinks that the idea must grow and become more familiar and more desired before any practical scheme can be proposed. All plans yet suggested for Imperial Federation are, however, discussed in the volume; and on pp. 23-26 will be found a useful summary in parallel columns of the arguments for and against Lord Grey's scheme of a Colonial Board of Advice.

Mr. Phil Robinson's pleasant talks about animals, rich with all accurate knowledge and illuminated from the stores of wide reading and observation, are well known and much enjoyed. "The Poets' Beasts" is his latest volume. Starting with the lion, he deals with all important animals, including the ounce, cheetah, and other creatures little noticed by the poets, and concludes with a charming chapter on the cat. The poets, it appears, blunder a good deal with the epithets they apply to animals; and they are too apt, according to Mr. Robinson, to praise and blame dumb creatures according only to their usefulness to man. All this is explained by Mr. Robinson in his own curiously humorous way, and with copious quotations from English poets, old and new. The book is a very charming one.

"Sport, Travel, and Adventure in Newfoundland and the West Indies," by Captain W. R. Kennedy, R.N. (Blackwood and Sons), is a very interesting and quite unpretentious volume. Captain Kennedy commanded the *Druid* for some years during her cruises on the coast of Newfoundland, where the presence of men-of-war is necessary to keep peace between the English and French fishermen, and to dispense justice and medicine to the inhabitants. Of Newfoundland and its scenery, its inhabitants and its wild animals, we have an agreeably written account; and Captain Kennedy dwells much upon the evils of divided jurisdiction in the matter of the fisheries. Extreme care and tact is, he says, at all times necessary to prevent unpleasantnesses between the French and English fishermen. Captain Kennedy fears, too, an outbreak among the Newfoundlanders—these unfortunate people possessing scarcely any liberty in their own land, their fisheries being monopolised by the English and French, and themselves being reduced almost to starvation. The "truck" system prevails all along the coast, and keeps the Newfoundland fishermen constantly in debt. The state of things in this island—a colony of Great Britain, and highly favoured by Nature in many ways—is, indeed, deplorable. Sporting incidents occupy many of Captain Kennedy's pages, and the latter part of the book is devoted to describing a cruise in the West Indies.

The name of Dr. Sophus Tromholt is not perhaps familiar to the English public outside scientific circles. It may be explained, therefore, that Dr. Tromholt is a Norwegian man of science, who has devoted himself especially to the study of the Aurora Borealis. Our readers have been made familiar with an outline of Dr. Tromholt's recent work in this direction, through our supplement entitled "In the Land of the Lapps," published about a year ago. That supplement was illustrated by photographs, kindly sent to us by Dr. Tromholt from the Arctic regions, and those who would like to have a fuller account of Dr. Tromholt's work can now get it in his recently published work, "Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis," edited by Carl Siewers (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.). It was as one of the workers in the International Polar Research Expeditions in 1882-3, that the author obtained his material for these very interesting and entertaining volumes. He had to work in connection with the Norwegian station at Bossekop, and the Finnish station at Sodankylä, and accordingly established himself at Koutokäino, a desolate Lapp settlement far away on the Russo-Norwegian frontier. Here the author spent the long Arctic winter, diligently studying the beautiful northern lights which made their appearance almost every night. The object of the observations of the aurora was to effect measurements for determining the height of the phenomena above the earth's crust; and in one chapter Dr. Tromholt goes at some length into the theory of the Aurora Borealis, knocking over, by the way, certain empirical theories, more ingenious than profound, which have been invented by hasty minds impatient with the laborious researches and cautious statements of the men of science. The observations made established several new facts of importance with regard to the daily, yearly, and eleven-yearly periods of the aurora, and its connection with sun-spots, but Dr. Tromholt admits that our ignorance of this beautiful phenomenon—which he declares surpasses in magnificence the glories of a tropical sunset—is still profound. It is not, however, chiefly as a work of science that Dr. Tromholt's pages are of interest. The interest is human, and comes from the intimate study he was enabled to make of a peculiarly interesting people. Living intimately among the Lapps, Dr. Tromholt came to know them as few have had the opportunity of doing, and being a shrewd man, with a considerable gift of humour and power of expression, he has been able to produce a book of unusual interest and importance. Mr. Carl Siewers has translated and edited the book, his work being well done. Numerous illustrations, from drawings and photographs by the author, are scattered through the volumes.

By way of relief from the rather tedious talk about the actor and his "status," of which we have had lately something too much, one may turn with interest to "On the Stage—and Off," by Jerome K. Jerome (Field and Tuer). No one taking up this little book is likely to lay it down till the last page is turned, and if the reader is not frequently tickled into laughter during its perusal then has he no sense of fun. It is, in truth, a very merry, bright little book, dealing with the life of the lower-class actors who have no "status" to talk about, and evidently studied from the life with literal accuracy. Much that the author has to say will be new to many of his readers, and the book is of value in theatrical literature as depicting a state of things which has, in large measure, passed away.

"Amateur Tommy Atkins," by "Private Samuel Bagshaw" (Field and Tuer), is a smart little book, the fun of which will not perhaps be widely enjoyed outside the ranks of the volunteers. But every volunteer will find plenty to laugh at in the confessions of this very simple private.

"Life in the Ranks of the British Army," by J. Brunlees Patterson (J. and R. Maxwell), is recommended by its obvious truthfulness to life. It describes with minuteness the daily life of the soldier in India, and on board a troopship.

"The Pearls of Truth," by the Countess Constance Wachtmeister (Philanthropic Reform Publishing Offices, Oxford Circus, W.), is a gracefully-written allegory describing how to an unhappy soul, in a moment of depression, there appeared a radiant vision holding in



IN THE SUNNY SOUTH—A PUBLIC PROMENADE

FROM THE PICTURE ENTITLED "PASSEGGIO," BY LUDWIG PASSINI, R.I., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

her hand a casket with seven pearls. Four of these pearls are displayed, and they show the mysteries of life, and in the fourth is revealed the law of the reincarnations of man upon earth. The three other pearls contain mysteries not yet comprehensible to man. The allegory, of course, points to the seven principles, or elements, in man, as expounded by the theosophists; and the vision announces herself as "Theosophia, or Divine Wisdom," who contains "the spirit of Christna, Buddha, and Christ; the esoteric wisdom of every religion in the world."

Two essentially interesting works on the progress of missionary labour in China are the new volume of "China's Millions" and the sixth edition of "China's Spiritual Need and Claims," the former edited, and the latter written, by Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S., of the China Inland Mission (Morgan and Scott). The whole history of the progress of Christian teaching in the Far East, the difficulties encountered by the courageous and untiring workers, and their ultimate successes are touching and pleasingly narrated. The accounts of some of the Chinese manners and customs are particularly interesting.—There also lie on our table the editions for 1885 of Dickens's ever-useful "Dictionary of London" and "Dictionary of the Thames" (Macmillan).

Of educational works Messrs. Blackwood and Sons send us their "Fifth Standard Reading Book," edited by Professor Meiklejohn, an admirable collection of historical stories and excerpts from books of travel; "Short Stories from English History," by the same editor—a book well suited for child readers; and "Algebra for Beginners," Part I., which has been specially adapted to the requirements of the Mundella Code, and also for junior pupils of middle-class schools and for pupil teachers.—Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. send us "The Child's Geography of England," by M. J. Barrington Ward, M.A., a carefully compiled work, giving in addition to bare geographical details full information regarding the commerce and manufactures of the various towns and districts. The chapters on our Imports and our Exports and Foreign Trade, our Fisheries, and our Agriculture are especially clear and concise. The same firm send us their "Oriental Readers"—three Infant Primers, with coloured pictures—just the thing to catch the infantile attention; and "Standards I. and II.," which are illustrated, and well adapted for slightly older children. The "Oriental Atlases" which, for the low price of twopenny, contain several clear and carefully-coloured maps, especially deserve a passing word of praise. There are just enough, and not too many, names.—Messrs. George Phillip and Son forward two clearly printed "Cyclists' Maps" of Cambridge and Warwick, showing the main roads distinctly coloured, and giving valuable indications as regards hills—when to put the break on, and when to dismount.

The "Weather Tables for the Colony of Victoria" during 1884 (John Ferres, Melbourne), compiled by Mr. R. L. J. Ellery, the Government Astronomer, are as usual models of accuracy and cleverness. The fineness and balminess of last summer in Europe will be remembered by everybody. In Victoria the summer months, that is to say, January, February, March, November, and December, were remarkable for their copious rainfall and low temperature. During none of these months at Melbourne did the temperature much exceed the average of an English July, though of course there were a few occasional very hot days. The winter months, on the other hand, that is to say, from May to September, were very dry, and, July excepted, warmer than the average.

ST. JUDE'S, WHITECHAPEL

WE are not among those who at the moment of the "Bitter Cry" believed that the claims of East London to help then rose paramount to the claims of all other poor in London. While in no way depreciating the value of a fresh arousal of the public conscience and energy on behalf of the suffering and over-crowded denizens of the East, we felt that not only had we heard of the East End before, that as long as we could remember it had been the battleground where many brave soldiers of Christ had fought the demons of vice, ignorance, and wretchedness, and are still doing so, but that in many other parts of our metropolis were dense populations needing in proportion as much attention. And that important, though quiet, work is also going on in those parts, as the records of the London City Mission and of Miss Octavia Hill's agencies will show, not to mention a host of others. Among all that is being done to improve the condition of the London poor Mr. Barnett's parish of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, offers an admirable model, not merely for what has been accomplished, but for the principles and lines adopted there.

To his Pastoral Address and Report recently issued many, knowing the man, will turn (and not in vain) for some further enunciation of those high truths, common alike to the English Constitution, to good government, and to Christianity, which are wrung out of the honest, manly heart of this enlightened parish priest of the English Church by the experience of himself and his wife. Many a parish "Report" may show a longer list of charities; there are few which so go to the heart of the matter for that which makes the life of a parish. "It takes a man to save a man," each one needs the friendship of his neighbour; such is his recognition of the Church as the Church of the people. A keen enthusiast for the possibilities of the Church's future, "if only the people could see that all (reform) depends on clear thought, unselfish action, and the knowledge of God," he boldly reiterates that "organisations are after all only machinery of which the driving power is human love," and that "human souls cannot be shaped by machinery." His chief endeavour is to break down class distinctions, to bring the educated and the ignorant together, to raise the poor by contact with beauty in all things, above all, to foster that individual sympathy which prompts true friendship and vivifying self-sacrifice. Hence the parish church is decorated in bright colour, a sculptor lends his splendid Isaac and Esau, and a poor flower-seller lends his plants on Sundays to gladden the eyes of worshippers. Hence comes it that in three poor school-rooms yearly at Easter-time thousands of work-people, old and young, are enabled by loans of the possessors and the time and care given by many others to enjoy the beauty, ay, and understand some of it, of several hundred choice paintings. "Various men tried (by lectures during the exhibition) to show the relation of Art to Religion, not to the religion of creeds, but to the religion which is communion with God."

The Toynbee Hall, built for the purpose of housing a number of young men from the Universities who would come and settle for a time, lay students joining in local government and personal intercourse with their neighbours, is another outcome of the same spirit now pretty well-known. Near-dwelling brings knowledge, and "without a common neighbourhood," says Mr. Barnett, "sympathy is likely to be vague and feeble." Reading parties, classes in various subjects, and frequent conversations bring together rich and poor, cultured and uncultured, with a friendliness and a satisfying fulness to blank lives, the inestimable value of which will be felt here as it has been already felt in working-men's and women's colleges and elsewhere.

A Boys' Lodging House, lately opened, provides shelter and reasonable means of recreation for boys of fourteen and upwards, helping to keep them steady at the critical period of their start in life. The Clubs of girls, men, and boys aim at "developing the powers on which both family and national life depend. They teach self-restraint, the habit of bearing and forbearing, they teach self-government."

With such a training it is no wonder that when Mr. Barnett, fearing distress last winter, summoned fifty working-men to his

assistance, they should form themselves into a Relief Committee, the action of which was highly successful, as well as a means of true political education to themselves. Why are not working-men elected as some of the Guardians?

On one or two points in modern life Mr. Barnett is unflinchingly severe. He resents chatter, officialism, and sensationalism most bitterly. "Beware of sensationalism, and settle down to quiet action. Let it be clearly understood that the talk of late years has not meant more generosity. The public has relieved itself by words, and the poor are worse off." These are hard sayings, but they are those of a man who has given the best years of his life to bringing the heart of love where it did not exist before, and who now, at the call of that love and duty, gives up the hope of health and longer days by remaining at his arduous post. The Vicar, a consistently an advocate of local duties and responsibilities, has a word in favour of more freedom of local management of Board Schools, with which we heartily agree.

Last, but not least, in this parish the church is open every day "for those who would pray, read, or think in quietness." Calm being the great need in the face of constant excitement incident to life in the East End, the Vicar had the courage to hold no special Mission; but, by careful arrangement of short services to meet the capacities of his people, and by Services of Song, he weekly tries to draw them nearer God.

L. T. S.

"THE REAL SHELLEY" *

"I HAVE not discovered the Real Shelley. The poet of these volumes is the same Real Shelley who appears in Hogg's biography, the delightful work that was stopped midway because its realism offended the Hunts and Field Place." Thus writes Mr. Jeaffreson in the first chapter of the work which is a pendant to his "Real Lord Byron." But the readers of Hogg's racy and truthful fragment will find themselves disappointed should this statement of Mr. Jeaffreson's lead them to suppose that his Real Shelley is identified with that of the earlier of the poet's biographers. It is not in his most, but in his least agreeable aspects that Shelley is portrayed by Mr. Jeaffreson. Hogg described Shelley's eccentricities and wayward vagaries with unsparing fidelity, but he wrote in a spirit of affectionate regard for his friend, whom he pronounced to be not only "great as a poet, great as a philosopher, as a moralist, as a scholar, as a complete and finished gentleman," but "great in every respect as a man." The main object of Mr. Jeaffreson's book is to prove that Shelley was in no respect "great as a man;" that the belief in his high-mindedness, unselfishness, and devotion to truth which the poet's relatives, friends, and worshippers have inculcated is utterly groundless; and that on the contrary Shelley was false and deceitful in word and deed, in great matters and in small, whether falsehood and deceit seemed to serve his purpose or not.

Mr. Jeaffreson's estimate of Shelley is the more striking that in the "Real Lord Byron" he spoke with tenderness of "the poetic dreamer and gentle mystic" as one who "to adopt Mr. Rossetti's phrase was loftily veracious in essentials, and who suffered more for what he conceived to be the truth than any other man of his generation." Mr. Jeaffreson is now indignant at the attempts to canonise Shelley, to which he himself contributed when he penned those lines, and he must not be surprised if unpleasant theories are broached to account for his sudden appearance in the part, which he seems to perform congenially, of *advocatus diaboli*. The strong animus against Shelley and several of Mr. Jeaffreson's contemporaries, among them Lady Shelley, Mr. Froude, and Mr. Richard Garnett, who have defended the poet from some of the charges brought against him, is the more to be regretted because it tends to vitiate the results of not inconceivable labour. Mr. Jeaffreson's book displays much industry and ingenuity, and here and there original research. He has corrected in not a few cases errors committed by previous biographers of Shelley, and he has produced fresh and interesting documentary evidence bearing upon the poet's career. By reproducing the text of Lord Eldon's celebrated judgment, Mr. Jeaffreson has shown that the *Edinburgh Review* was mistaken in representing the Tory Chancellor as having withdrawn from Shelley the guardianship of his children on the ground of his published opinions alone, and not of his conduct to his first wife. Altogether this impeachment of Shelley's character and career will doubtless have the effect of eliciting authoritative elucidations of both, based on the unpublished documents in the possession of the Shelley family, who have, it is understood, placed them at the disposal of Professor Dowden for a new life of the poet. Thus Mr. Jeaffreson's in every sense "new views" may conduce materially to the production of a veritable portrait of "The Real Shelley."

DR. LANSDALL IN CENTRAL ASIA

"RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA" (Sampson Low and Co.) is written with the same *verve* which has so often delighted the readers of the *Graphic*, and which won for "Through Siberia" the eulogiums even of those critics whose pet theories that book so remorselessly upset. The present work has the additional advantage of breaking new ground. Dr. Schuyler had gone to Bokhara; MacGahan's journey to Khiva was followed by Colonel Burnaby's "Ride," and Dr. Wolff has told us how he tried to learn, and was nearly sharing, the fate of Conolly and Stoddart; but still we had very little by any English traveller about the country between Bokhara and the Caspian. Professor Vambéry, indeed, saw Khiva and Bokhara, and interviewed both Emirs before the Russian occupation; but how great is the difference between a sham hadji, always in fear of being found out and wholly debarred from taking notes, and a grand traveller in a tarantass, with the aegis of the White Czar thrown manifestly around him.

Dr. Lansdall writes professedly for several classes of readers. His appendices are for the specialists; for he had a budget of miscellaneous commissions about meteorology, ethnography, butterflies, antiquities. His historical chapters—chiefly a record of Russian progress—include an account of "Merv as Annexed," and of the horrors of slavery under the Turcomans, making us feel that there, at any rate, Russian rule has been a blessing.† The orography of the Thian Shan was never till now so clearly set before the English reader; while the account of Turkmenia as a whole is as graphic as it is exhaustive. He is full of fun as well as of information; and, while he could contribute "God Save the Queen" as his share to a Kirghese after-dinner entertainment, he astonished a set of Bokhariot choristers by giving them "Twickenham Ferry," the "O hoi-ye-ho" of which made them think it was a prayer. It is impossible to do more than give the briefest hint of the contents of so comprehensive a book. From Persia to Tiumen, the centre of distribution of Siberian exiles; thence by steamer on the Irtysh to Semipalatinsk (the city of seven palaces, or Kalmuck Buddhist temples); thence to Semirechia (the land of seven streams, one of which is the Ili); thence into Manchu-Kuldja, so recently recovered by the Chinese; and thence by Tashkend and Khokan, and Bokhara and Khiva to Krasnovodsk on the Caspian—a mere glance at the map is enough to show Dr. Lansdall's scope; but, though he treats of such a multitude of topics, from the price of beef on the Steppe to the splendid hospitality shown

* "The Real Shelley: New Views of the Poet's Life." By John Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "The Real Lord Byron," &c. (2 vols.; Hurst and Blackett.)

† Dr. Lansdall did not go to Merv. His authorities for its past and present are, besides the Russian works mentioned in his copious "Bibliography," O'Donovan's private correspondence, Colonel Stewart, and Baron Benoist-Méchin.

him by the Emir of Bokhara, he never loses sight of his serious purpose, which was to spread tracts and Testaments and to open up new fields for the Bible and Religious Tract Societies. They paid the greater part of his travelling expenses; and for them he worked so zealously that at starting he was arrested and brought back to L'erm by "a ferret-eyed gendarme." But all things are possible to a traveller who has private letters from grand dukes and to whom the redoubtable Count Tolstoy himself has given a general permit to go everywhere and see everything. At St. Petersburg his time was spent among high dignitaries and scientific barons; at Moscow he fortunately met not only some Bokhariot envoys, but a Jew from the same city. Everything was in his favour; Siberian Governors would stop their steam pleasure-launches to welcome him; post-masters would get up in the night to inquire if he had all he wanted; Archbishops received him more than affably; Cossack station-masters were kindness itself, and thought "the Lord must have sent him" when he fastened a set of diagrams of the Prodigal Son under the post-house ikon; even the exiles appreciated the Polish tracts and signed a paper to that effect. Russian warmth must often contrast with English *morgue*. Very few English officers would treat "Our Own Correspondent" from Moscow as General Ivanoff, who was also most kind to Dr. Lansdall, did (the Colonel) MacGahan, taking him into his tent and looking after him like a brother. Our author felt the contrast when he came face to face with Chinese officials, though the Tsin Tsiang made ample amends for his "freezing" manner by sending two canisters of a tea worth 50s. a pound, the flavour of which his guest had praised. Very interesting is the account of how "Through Siberia" came to be published; Sir Harry Parkes heard Dr. Lansdall read his notes on board a Pacific steamer, and urged him, by publishing them, to help to soften the asperity between Russia and England. This done, the feeling that he, being known to the Russian authorities, could do the Bible Society's work better than any one else, grew upon him till it urged him to the task of which these volumes are the record. Every one will be glad to hear that a young Finland nobleman has consented to go to Irkutsk as resident Bible Society agent; and we hope something in the way of zenana work is likely at last to be undertaken by Russian ladies among their Mahomedan sisters. "How much better this," says Dr. Lansdall, "than to throw away their lives in promoting the horrible cause of Nihilism." The mention of this word brings us to the controversial part of the book. Our author declines to speculate on the possible advance of Russia towards India, simply pointing out how easy that advance is, with a railway from the Caspian to Saraks; but he does not decline the controversy set going by his account of Russian prisons. The prisons not so dirty as peasants' huts, nor so ill ventilated either; of the filth-pails said to be universal our author saw only one, and that not in Siberia but in North Finland; female prisoners are not stripped by male warders, there are plenty of women about to do such work. Above all, the Troubetzoi bastion with its "oubliettes" is by no means an unpleasant place of imprisonment; and instead of prisoners being there debarred from all that can give them intellectual recreation, they can and do write novels even in the Alexeievsky Ravelin.

All this is very different from what "Stepniak" tells us; but then Dr. Lansdall has seen the prisons and has no interest in mis-stating facts, though his book is stamped with the two-headed eagle, and though he trusts, in his introduction, that "this new work will prove the Emperor's confidence not to have been misplaced."

The all-important question is that raised by the late Dean Close: "Did the Russians show him everything? Didn't they get things in order for his visits?" Dr. Lansdall thinks this was impossible. He dolged about as much as a hunted hare; and when he had got from Count Tolstoy the wonderful permission to see the fortress-prison in St. Petersburg, he went immediately, so as to give them (he thinks) no time for preparation. Every reader must decide this for himself; we think Russian officialism a little less obtuse than it seems to be in our author's eyes. However, he is very strong on the point, and says that "a lie will run round the world while Truth (embodied in his tale) is putting on her boots."



MESSRS. ASHERBERG AND CO.—A very pretty and telling serenade for a tenor is "Look Down From Your Window, Dearest," written and composed by "L. B." and Richard Harvey; it will prove a great success at a picnic or water-party, even where a guitar or banjo only is available as an accompaniment.—"Her Dream" is a musical vision with a satisfactory awakening, words by Edward Oxenford, music by Felix Argent.—Of the same sentimental type and of average merit are: "Arise, My Love," words by Sinclair Dunn, music by Edward Jakobowski, for a tenor voice of medium compass, and "Life's Journey," written and composed by Lillie Davis and D. M. Davis.—As an after-dinner drawing-room piece for the pianoforte we can warmly recommend "Nottune," by G. J. Rubini; the music is refined and flowing.—By the same composer is "Le Reveillon," air Louis XV., a lively *entrée* for a more serious *morceau*.—There is not much to be said for or against "Militaria," a simplified edition for the pianoforte of a fantasia which was very popular last winter at the Promenade Concerts, composed by Emil Leornardi; this piece is very much better on a band than as a pianoforte solo.—"Love Dreams," a waltz with a vocal refrain, by W. H. Siggers, has a pretty melody, but is not remarkable for its originality; it has been heard scores of times before.

ALFRED HAYS.—Tennyson's very lugubrious poem, "Come Not When I Am Dead," has been set to appropriate music by J. M. Capel, and published in two keys. Only those persons who are in a most depressed state of mind will care to sing or listen to this melancholy dirge.—The above composer having supplied the bane provides an antidote in the shape of "The Holly Berry," a merry song with a chorus of "Hey down derry;" the words are by Thomas Miller.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A brace of romantic and fairly good songs, written and composed by Clarence Walker and Lord Henry Somerset, are entitled respectively, "Dawn" and "Day and Night." Both have for their theme unrequited love (Messrs. B. Hollis and Co.).—"Going Home" is a sacred song of that type made so familiar by Messrs. Sankey and Moody, which is safe to find numerous admirers. The words are "out of an old family treasury;" the music by Miss E. K. Stewart. This song comes to us from a far distant land (Alice, Victoria East, South Africa).—There is a genuine and simple pathos in "The Last Footfall," a song of medium compass, written and composed by E. Jefferson (The London Music Publishing and General Agency Co.). Of the same somewhat sad type is "No More Sea," written and composed by "Joan" (W. H. Hime, Birkenhead).—There is no lack of originality in "Hungarian Caprice" for the pianoforte, by George Graun; it will repay the trouble of learning by heart (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—Very dainty and not at all difficult is "Gavotte Hongroise," by Léonora Rachel, who may be congratulated upon having composed something almost original in this well-worn school of composition (Messrs. Moutrie and Son).—"The Jersey Lily Polka," by Miss Rowe, is a pretty little specimen of dance music (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).

NOTE.—We omitted to state that "Sunbeams," reviewed in our issue of May 30, is composed and written by G. Hubi Newcombe.



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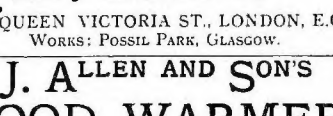


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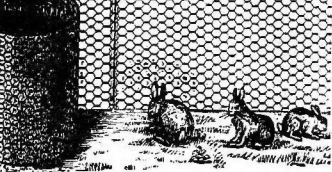
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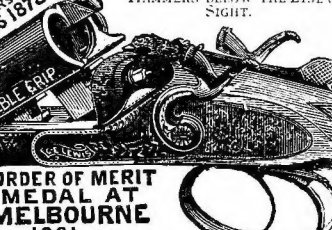
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